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THE DEFENCE OF INDIA.

CRD RIPON'S reply to the lively, if rather unconventional, attack made upon him by the present Secretary for India may not have been exactly spirited, or even exactly cogent; but it must be admitted that it was based and framed on very ancient precedent. It is very nearly six thousand years, by Archbishop Usher's chronology, since the common ancestor at once of all the Robinsons and of all the Churchills adopted a precisely similar line of apology. Lord Ripon's Eve is Mr. Gladstone's Government. The Viceroy, it seems, was for holding, not merely Pishin and Quetta, but the passes of the Khojak towards Candahar, and he was strongly opposed to the abandonment of the railway. This is greatly to his credit. But unfortunately, as a matter of fact, no attempt was made to hold the passes of the Khojak, and the railway through the Bolan was deliberately abandoned, if not wrecked. This was done in Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty, and for it Lord Ripon's fault at all, but the fault of his colleagues, or his superiors, or whatever they are to be called, at home. This kind of defence, though, as we have frankly acknowledged, a very old one, is not generally regarded as extremely successful, and in the present case it is extraordinarily weak. For Lord Ripon was expressly sent out as the representative of the late Government to India. Moreover, discordant as are the views which exist as to the proper mode of defending India's North-Western frontier, no one probably, except some rabid member of the Peace Society, would deny that to attend to that defence to the best of his power according to the plan which seems best to him is one of the first duties, if not the very first duty, of a Governor-General of India. Lord Ripon has told us what, according to his views, the best plan was, and he has told us that the home Government would not allow him to carry those views into effect. There is one course of conduct on Lord Ripon's part which, things being so, would have been perfectly justified, and only one. He should have resigned a positi

The actual business of the defence has fortunately fallen into stronger hands, both at home and abroad, and rumour, which was recently unfavourable to chances of a settlement pro tempore of the Zulfikar difficulty, now speaks more hopefully. Nor is the hope affected by the usual speculations which have been founded on the meeting of the CZAR and the Emperor of Austria. The defenders of the late Ministry are at the utmost pains to show that the thunder is their thunder, and that the proposition to which Lord Salisbury is sticking is the same proposition to which Lord Granville stuck. It would be an insult to public common sense to take the

trouble to comment fully on this amiable weakness. Provided that the position is made good to the utmost extent that Mr. Gladstone's criminal irresolution left it possible to make it good, Englishmen will hardly quarrel over points of this kind—if only for the reason that no Englishman in possession of his senses can be in the least deceived. Let it be believed, if anybody likes, that the stern and martial figure of Lord Granville presides in spirit over the negotiations, and terrifies the Russians with memories of Khiva and Merv and a dozen other places where he successfully resisted their pretensions in days of yore. If the present trouble is allayed, that, as things stand, is a gain. It is true that the allaying is not certain, and that the reported intention of Russia to drag out the negotiations till after the English elections, though probably by no means the wisest course on her part and in her own interest, is also by no means the most improbable. One assertion at least of the many that are made on the subject is, it may be hoped, true—that the English Government will accept no delimitation of the precincts of the pass till it has been submitted to Colonel Ringway on the spot and approved by him. Putting aside all suspicions of designed sharp practice, no settlement which is made without the full approval of the Afghan and English officers on the spot can have the least chance of standing, even for the not very long time for which any settlement of the kind is likely to stand. On the particular terms of the agreement, the special limitations of the exact frontier, there should be no further possibility of chicanery. There is, of course, a kind of transaction in which leaving points open is necessary and desirable. But that kind of transaction is not the kind which is taking place between England and Russia. In the circumstances, points left open in negotiation will infallibly have the same effect as points left open on a line of railway. They will bring about a collision, and that in the shortest possib

That the most that can be done is not to provoke or hasten such a collision is, we believe, the fixed opinion of the best and most impartial authorities, though they may be otherwise content to leave the calculation of the exact times and seasons to the quidnunes who have been watching the faces of the Rüssian staff at Kremsier. It is barely possible that, after an actual tussle and beating, Russia might make up her mind to rest content with Northern Asia and to leave Southern to England. It is quite certain that, as long as a series of always stealthy advances always results in agreements profitable to herself, she will not come to this very desirable state of mind. There is, however, rather better hope than there was some time ago that the interval will be as well employed on one side as on the other. England can play at railroad-making at least as well (she ought to be able to play much better) than Russia. The transformation of Herat into something like a bulwark against the invader seems a little less impossible than it did. The time is being well used, from the Indian side, in making good the important outworks of Hindustan beyond Cashmere. Above all, a considerable change has come over the talk even of the Liberal party in England, even of the backward school in India. However ineffective Lord Ripon's defence may be as a defence of Ripon, it is valuable as throwing an additional difficulty in the way of English Liberals by showing that their own chosen Indian Governor, whose wisdom and Indian government they are never tired of extolling, was in favour of something which, compared with the policy which Mr.

GLADSTONE'S Government preferred, was a very forward policy indeed. Very faint is now the cry for merely watching the passes, while the mischievous old folly about the line of the Indus is hardly heard at all. It is at least nominally admitted by the representative statesmen of both parties that the defence of the North-Western frontier is one of the chief businesses of the Government of India. To be sure, this sounds like saying that it is nominally admitted that two and two make four, and, with the happy faculty of oblivion which is by no means always deliberate or dishonest, not a few of Mr. GLADSTONE'S admirers have probably persuaded themselves that there never was a time when they did not admit it. As a matter of fact, however, up to a very few months, even a very few weeks, ago, the constantly held and frequently expressed doctrine of a majority of English Liberals was that India had no business to look beyond her own frontiers at all; that the further back those frontiers were drawn the better; that fears of encroachment from any foreign Power were, if not purely chimerical, at any rate things it was better not to think about, and that Indian military expenditure ought to be confined to the narrowest limits compatible with the maintenance of internal order. How great the change is no one who reads the utterances of spokesmen of the same party can now miss. And if a relapse can be prevented, this good which will have come out of the evil of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Indian policy will be no small good.

MR. PARNELL'S PROGRAMME,

MR. PARNELL is a prudent and cautious leader of a party, but he sometimes makes a mistake. It would be rash to criticize his knowledge of the Irish character; but he has also to consider English feeling and opinion. confidence which he professes in the early success of his main enterprise assumes the consent of the majority of the House of Commons to the dissolution of the United Kingdom. To do Mr. PARNELL justice, he never openly threatens war, though he has habitually connived at intimidation and violence. He can, therefore, only repeal the Union, and proceed to the further measure of separation after he has persuaded the English and Scotch members to concede Irish independence. It is impossible to foresee the action of the adventurers and demagogues who are now making extrava-gant bids for the support of Radical electors. Some of them may perhaps be as ready to dismember their country as they are, according to their admirers, willing to disregard inter-national interests and rights; but it is scarcely probable that English constituencies will knowingly support measures for crippling industry and trade. The artisans of the manufacturing towns understand too well the pernicious effects of hostile tariffs on abundance of employment and on the rate of wages. They will scarcely be prepared to vote for re-presentatives who would consent to close the Irish market to English productions. The Irish Nationalists show characteristic audacity in their proposals for the exclusion of English goods; while they, at the same time, avow their intention of controlling in their own interest many English elections. It would seem that Mr. PARNELL might have been better advised in reserving for the present the announcement of this part of his policy. It was in a recent speech at Arklow that he both explained his design of giving Irish producers an artificial monopoly, and unexpectedly

Irish producers an artificial monopoly, and unexpectedly illustrated his precepts by his personal example.

The tendency of democratic agitation to promote pecuniary jobs has been fully exemplified in the United States, and especially in the city of New York. The power which has been acquired by the political agitator soon becomes a saleable commodity; and then the noisy patriot settles down into a "boss." Mr. Parnell is perhaps himself unconscious of any indirect intention when he converts to a profitable purpose his claim to be the "uncrowned king "of Ireland"; but he might have understood that the transaction which he recorded in the Arklow speech proves at least that the Nationalist members of the Dublin Corporation are capable of sacrificing the property of the rate-payers for the benefit of a political partisan. It appears that Mr. Parnell lately took a lease of certain quarries at Arklow, in the legitimate hope of making a reasonable profit. As long as he sold his produce to private purchasers no one could have a right to criticize the conduct of his business; but the Corporation of Dublin is not a private trader. A quantity of paving-stone being required for the use of the city, certain Welsh quarry-

owners offered to supply the stone at the price of twenty-six shillings for a given quantity. Mr. Parnell, or his agents, then tendered for the supply at twenty-four shillings, their paving-stone being, according to their own statement, of equal quality. Mr. Parnell asserts that the Welsh quarry-owners then reduced their price to twenty shillings; but the Corporation refused the offer, and bought Arklow stone at the price originally demanded. In other words, the purchasers, as trustees for the ratepayers, made a present of a considerable sum to a dealer who happened to be the chief of the faction predominant in the municipality. Precisely similar dealings were formerly conducted by the Corporation of New York, and perhaps they are there not wholly obsolete. Mr. Parnell justifies the other party to the bargain by the argument that, if the Corporation had accepted the tender at twenty shillings, the Welsh quarry-owners would have raised their price again on some future occasion. Equally good excuses are always forthcoming when public bodies perpetrate jobs. Mr. Parnell's own share in the business is in the same spirit explained by his anxiety to provide remunerative employment for the people of Arklow, as a small instalment of the prosperity which will result to the Irish working class after the attainment of legislative independence. If the Arklow precedent is in that contingency generally followed, Irish consumers will have to pay twenty per cent. on their purchases for the benefit of actual or possible manufacturers. There is no fund outside their pockets from which the means can be derived of providing industrial employment. Bargains between local public bodies and popular agitators will, however frequent, constitute but a small part of the sacrifice which the Irish community is to make for the attainment of commercial independence.

Mr. Parnell's clients are too ignorant to appreciate the folly of the measures which are recommended to their approval. Protection is mischievous enough where, as in America, half a continent is left open to unlimited commer-cial intercourse. The United States form a little world of their own, with wide varieties of climate and production, so that the South can find a market for its cotton in New England, while Pennsylvania supplies cutlery and hardware to the agricultural West. Russia, and even France and Germany, possess in a less degree the means of correcting or mitigating mistaken legislation. Ireland is a small country with scarcely any coal, and with political conditions which must for a long time discourage the influx of capital. No part of the world is less fitted for a system of exclusive dealing; but inexhaustible credulity is a fund on which agitators can confidently draw. In former times patriotic Irishmen justly resented the selfish policy of enforcing on the dependent kingdom exclusive dealing with English producers; but then, as now, the Irish people longed to be deceived, and their aspirations were and are fulfilled. When Pitt in 1785 proposed a large measure of free-trade between Great Britain and Ireland, he had only to encounter at home the furious opposition of Fox and Sheridan, whom he could have defeated by means of his large majority. The emissaries of the Whigs persuaded the Irish political leaders to distrust the wise and beneficent policy of the Minister, and accordingly the Irish Parliament rejected his "Pro-" positions," as the scheme was designated, and voluntarily prolonged down to the date of the Union the injurious monopoly which had been established for the supposed benefit of Great Britain. A century has not diminished the proportionate number of Irish dupes; but Mr. PARNELL might have remembered that his language would be read by the rivals whose competition he proposes to displace.

His triumphant address to his Parliamentary followers at their recent dinner will scarcely facilitate the conclusion of the alliance with English revolutionists on which his chance of ultimate success must depend. On that occasion, as well as at Arklow, Mr. Parnell held out a protective tariff as an inducement to the separatist faction to continue and redouble its efforts. His offer to the farmers of the remaining property of their landlords was at least intelligible, and long experience has shown that such vicarious liberality is highly popular. The promises made to the labourers were studiously vague, because it was impossible to hold out to them any hope of sharing the land which is now finally divided and permanently appropriated. A labourer might formerly hope by favour of his landlord to succeed to a cottage holding. Such property is now in more tenacious hands, and the tenant's interest can only be purchased at a prohibitive price. Not content with golden promises

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agai that to both sections of the agriculturist population, Mr. Parnellalso undertakes to provide for the tradesmen in the towns, and for an actual or possible industrial population. English goods, and probably all foreign goods, are to be prohibited or heavily taxed, with the result of compelling the whole community to pay a tribute to the owners of mills and factories which are for the most part at present non-existent. The Irish are a docile people, except when they are advised for their own good; but the English artisan may not be so easily satisfied. Welsh quarrymen, though they may perhaps be inclined to Radicalism, will not deliberately facilitate the exclusion from Irish markets of the commodity which they and their employers produce, and which Mr. Parnell sells at an advanced price to a party Corporation, in anticipation of the action of the Irish Parliament. If a trace of care for the welfare of the country survives in the new constituency, Mr. Parnell's boasts will be confuted by the event, although it is too probable that he may sweep the Irish elections. His well-founded satisfaction with the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill furnishes an instructive comment on the wisdom and patriotism of the Liberal party. Of the extension of both measures to Ireland Mr. Parnell forms the same opinion which was on the eve of the introduction of the Franchise Bill publicly expressed by Lord Hartington. Mr. Parnell now thinks, perhaps with reason, that the estimate of the reinforcements which he will command has been too modest. Three provinces of Ireland will only return two supporters of the University. Mr. Parnell's followers now profess to believe that they will secure two-thirds of thirty-three seats awarded to Ulster. The Liberals and the Conservatives, in the presence of the common enemy, are unwilling to renounce or to suspend their own miserable feuds. If their factious folly results in an increase of Mr. Parnell's power, and in the ultimate success of his agitation, they will regret too late the preference

SPAIN AND GERMANY.

A S Prince BISMARCK has given the world good reason for believing he does nothing without taking thought, it must be supposed that he had made his mind up to face the anger of the Spaniards if they were offended at his occupation of the Caroline Islands. To judge by appearances, it has taken him very much by surprise; but it is well to have direct evidence before believing he has been caught napping. Meanwhile, however, the fury of the Spaniards has affected Prince BISMARCK, and has manifestly startled the rest of the world. The amazement felt in many quarters at the spectacle is itself not a little surprising. Dugald Dalgetty found your Don a person unparalleled in his own conceit, and he has not changed since the seventeenth century. The Spaniard has a lively and even exaggerated notion of his past greatness, and a proportionately keen sense of what is due to his dignity. When it is offended, he flies into a rage without stopping to calculate consequences. It cannot be denied that Prince BISMARCK has deliberately or unconsciously wounded the very tender self-respect of his late friend. Neither is it to be questioned that the Spaniards have fair reason to be offended. Whatever the value of Spain's claim to the Carolines may be, there has never been any doubt about it in the minds of the Spaniards. They are perfectly sure of their rights, and not a whit the less because the Carolines have been totally neglected for centuries. When a foreign Power proceeds to act as if Spain did not exist, or need not be considered, it is no wonder if Spaniards are angry. There is much in the recent demonstration which is sufficiently ridiculous. The spectacle of mobs bellowing in the streets about the honour of Spain, which has contrived to reconcile itself to repeated repudiations and to flagrant breaches of its word, is not wholly dignified. Nor is it otherwise than absurd to hear of certain military gentlemen whose histories are tolerably well known writing childishly insulting letters to the chiefs of the German army. Still

prompting it are genuine, and it may have embarrassing consequences for the Power which happens to be its object. This is not the less the case because the fire has been fanned by certain politicians for reasons of an anything but patriotic character. The Republicans who see in this apparent act of aggression on the part of Germany an opportunity of damaging and perhaps upsetting the monarchy, are working on the real, though somewhat exaggerated, sus-

ceptibilities of their countrymen.

The delay on the part of Germany to make any definite statement as to its intentions is the best proof that the indignant opposition of Spain was somewhat of a surprise. The Prince does seem for the moment to be hesitating as to the course he means to take. As usual in these cases, the exact merits of the question are somewhat obscure. As usual, too, the fantastic and unsanctioned code known as international law is appealed to on both sides with equal confi-dence. If this so-called law were anything but a collection of the speculations of learned men, questions of this kind could never arise. There ought to be no doubt as to whether Spain hever arise. There ought to be no doubt as to whether spain is or is not sovereign in the Carolines. As a matter of fact, this is just the question. The German case is apparently based on the theory that sovereignty cannot exist without actual possession. To this the Spaniards oppose their long claim and their own conviction of their right. If the dispute could be settled by some form of litigation, Germany would the set the set of severe forms in the set of at least have a fair chance of securing a verdict. The recent Congo Conference, of which Spain was a member, accepted Prince BISMARCK's view as to the duties of nations towards Prince BISMARCK's view as to the duties of nations towards one another in this matter of the occupation of barbarous countries. In practice, however, these disputes never are settled by any species of litigation, but by the decision of the respective States to enforce or yield their claims, and in the last resort by the sword. This dispute is not without precedent, and there is even one which applies to it with great aptness. In the last century a very similar question areas between Frederick and Spain as to the right question arose between England and Spain as to the right to occupy the Falkland Islands, which lie off the coast of what was then an undoubted Spanish possession, and in seas over which Spain still claimed exclusive sovereignty. In this case a settlement was produced by England's energetic preparations to support her claim by arms. Since those days the belief in arbitration has become fashion-able, and has enjoyed some credit, as it was found useful as a cover for surrender by an English Ministry in a yielding mood. Prince BISMARCK is reported, though not on ing mood. Prince BISMARCK is reported, though not on very good authority, to be prepared to refer his dispute to an arbitrator. He can do so with some confidence, as the sovereignty of Spain in the Carolines does not appear to have been recognized directly at any period, and has on one occasion been considered at least doubtful. Whether Spain would accept this expedient is, however, doubtful. If the Ministry of Señor Canovas DEL Castillo either shares the popular feeling on is afraid of popular indignation it can popular feeling or is afraid of popular indignation, it can hardly afford to do anything which would have the appear-ance of throwing a doubt on Spanish rights. Unless the recent demonstration has allowed national feeling to evaporate in mere talk, Señor Canovas might as well offer to discuss the sovereignty of Porto Rico. On the other hand, Prince BISMARCK can hardly withdraw at the dictation of Spain. Until it is known, therefore, that some means of arriving at Until it is known, therefore, that some means of arriving at a friendly arrangement have been agreed upon, there is always danger of a serious quarrel. Happily, it takes two to make a quarrel, and Prince BISMARCK has every motive for avoiding one, while Senor Canovas can have no wish to fix one on Germany. If the parties use a little good-will, the ingenuity of the Prince will, no doubt, be found adequate to finding some decent way of settling an unlucky international dispute.

THE POLITICS OF THE POCKET.

It is perhaps not desirable to prolong the controversy on political lying. The apologists of immorality have already gained an advantage when they succeed in raising a discussion. The Decalogue loses some of its authority when its plain words become a subject of dispute. Nihilists and Fenians deal with murder much as clerical sophists recommend falsehood by suggesting exceptional cases on the border between right and wrong, and especially by comparing figurative offences with distinct violations of the moral law. A promise-breaker, an assertor of that which he knows to be false, has, in the opinion of all mankind expressed in the common use of words, told a "lie." It is a quibble and a

fiction to say that a vote given to the wrong candidate is a lie, even when it may be a breach of some duty. In many instances a vote given through passion, cupidity, or prejudice would be more culpable, though it might be consistent with the elector's party preference. The Nihilist argues that the maintenance of Russian absolutism is worse than murder; and M. Rochefort defends on similar grounds a proposal for the assassination of an Ambassador accredited to his Government. The guilt of a lie consists in the breach of the confidence reposed by the hearer in the good faith of the speaker. The elector who gives a vote to gratify his landlord or his creditor has not committed this particular crime, and the chances are at least equal that he will have supported the more eligible candidate. During the impending election intimidation from above will seldom be attempted. No landlord will threaten a tenant who thinks that he has already conferred on him a favour by not giving notice to quit. For one voter who yields to private compulsion a hundred will vote against their conscience to please the mob or for the sake of believing that they are on the popular side.

It is not surprising that deliberate encouragement of falsehood should be associated with general laxity or perversity of ethical doctrine. A Mr. TUCKWELL, one of the clerical agitators who have joined in the Radical protest against veracity, is still more earnest in exhorting labourers and artisans to use their electoral power for the exclusive advantages of their class. Some neighbouring Caucuses are so much impressed with the value of Mr. Tuckwell's support of their cause that they have reprinted his pamphlet for cheap or gratuitous circulation. It may be admitted that he possesses sufficient literary skill to do an appreciable amount of mischief. The prospect of obtaining material advantage by the abuse of political privilege is naturally attractive, and it is perhaps superfluous to weaken the scruples which might cause the poorer electors to hesitate before they interfered with the property of their neighbours.

Mr. Tuckwell, after the usual fashion of demagogues, assumes that the unequal distribution of wealth is the result of unjust laws, and that a Parliament elected by household suffrage can, if it will, remove the hardships of the poor. He accordingly insists on the return of members who will, by means which he is careful not to define, effect certain results which will seem to his clients desirable. As he truly tells them, the new franchise will confer on them enormous power, and they may "create a Parliament "which shall be pledged above and before all things to attend to and obey their bidding." With the usual leaning of political ecclesiastics to the familiar introduction of sacred names, Mr. Tuckwell asks what a labourer would say "if God were to come to you to-night" and to bid him to choose what he would have. "I think you would say "to Him. . I think myself lucky if my wages through "the year come to 14s. weekly. I should like my income "to be not less than 20s. weekly throughout the year." He would also wish that his hours of work should be limited to eight, and that he should become the owner of the house and garden which he occupies. "Enough to eat, a little "leisure for improvement, a house you can look upon as your own. God would not, I imagine, think that very unreasonable."

Severe critics might perhaps object to the language which has been quoted on the ground of bad taste, and even of profanity. For the present it may be more useful to notice the dangerous fallacy which is involved in the illustration. Mr. Tuckwell had already proposed that Parliament should be pledged to obey the instructions of the working-class electors; he now insinuates, through the audacious illustration which he has furnished, that, though a mere instrument of the majority, in all other respects Parliament will be omnipotent. The demand for a large addition to the rate of wages, for a diminution of the hours of work, and for the transfer of the ownership of houses and gardens, is to be addressed, not to a superior Power, but to a submissive assembly of delegates, which can at once grant the desired boons. A new Statute of Labourers is to be enacted, though similar legislation in the interest of employers proved abortive five centuries ago; and though an educated politician must be well aware that no Act of Parliament could either add a shilling to the rate of wages or compel farmers and others to pay for eight hours the price of a longer spell of labour. It would certainly be possible to take cottages from the present owners and to hand them over to occupiers; but, if compensation were granted to the expropriated landlords, the new freeholders would

scarcely be the gainers, and mere confiscation is not plainly proposed. An ignorant, unscrupulous, and servile Legislature might enact that every agricultural labourer should be paid a pound a week; but it is difficult to understand how a farmer could be compelled to hire him. In the present condition of agriculture a rise of forty per cent. in the rate of wages would throw a large quantity of land out of cultivation. Migration into the towns has hitherto kept up to a certain extent the value of agricultural labour; but, whatever may be the character of the new Parliament, wages are more likely to fall than to rise.

The poor elector, who, in deference to his spiritual and political guide, or on the faith of his lavish offers, has already practised falsehood or deceit, will on the first attempt to realize his expectations of gain encounter severe disappointment. He will have returned a pliable sycophant to the House of Commons, but he will not find that his wages are raised; and, if a docile Parliament passes an Eight Hours Bill, his earnings will be proportionally reduced. In the first instance he will perhaps turn with just indignation on the advisers who have misled him; but they will not have exhausted their resources. According to a theory often propounded by agrarian demagogues, the farmer pays insufficient wages only because he bears in turn the burden of the rent. If Parliament proceeds to reduce, as in Ireland, the amount paid by the tenant to the landlord, the hope of increased wages or of reduced hours of work will be again disappointed. The farmer will assuredly not make a free gift to the labourer of any bonus which he may receive through the unjust liberality of legislators. It must be remembered that farm-labourers, though they will form a considerable part of the future constituency, are neither the whole nor even a majority. Industrial workmen will have an equal right to an increase of wages by Act of Parliament, and, if they are foolish enough to deem the operation possible, they will share the disappointment of their rural fellows. It is, as experience has shown, not impossible to ruin or displace a great industry; but legislative interference can neither increase the profits of business nor even affect the distribution between capital and labour. A few years ago the wages of agricultural labourers were in some parts of England as large as those which are now demanded by their self-appointed champion; but even in Lincolnshire and in Northumberland they have, through natural causes, subsided to a lower level.

Mr. TUCKWELL intimates, with laudable candour, that his present demands are fragmentary and provisional. grandchildren will be astonished at your moderation in not asking more. We will ask more later on." After-"not asking more. We will ask more later on. Atterwards he adds:—"Get this broad fact clearly into your wards he adds:—"Get this broad fact clearly into your "minds, that for many years to come your only politics are "to obtain competence, leisure, and independence. When you have got them, when you have ceased to be slaves and have become free men, it will be time to take an "interest in foreign politics and to examine the righteous-"ness of England's proceedings in India and in Egypt; but get your own freedom first." If neglect of foreign politics or of international rights and duties would really promote the attainment of universal competence, leisure, and inde-pendence, it would be unreasonable to expect that any other consideration should prevail over the claim of material advantage; but a Parliament exclusively devoted to the hopeless task of turning fourteen shillings into a pound would deprive the country of the means of providing the wealth which is afterwards to be distributed. It is strange that the zealous devotees of popular suffrage should continu-ally assume, and even boast, that the enfranchised multitude will neglect all Imperial duties. The fundamental objection to such teaching as that of Mr. Tuckwell is that it tends directly to revolution and anarchy. Cheap philanthropy indulged itself in precisely similar lucubrations on the eve of the itself in precisely similar lucubrations on the eve of the French Revolution. Now, as then, exaggerated representations of the benefits to be obtained by legislation resulted first in disappointment, then in plunder and in bloodshed. In the highly artificial condition of English trade and industry, the destruction of order and credit would cause intolerable and universal suffering. If the agitators would specify the measures by which their promises are to be carried out it would perhaps not be difficult to expose the hollowness of their schemes. Vague announcements that poverty is to be abolished are as dangerous as they are unpoverty is to be abolished are as dangerous as they are un-

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AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE.

THE ancient city of Frankfort-on-the-Maine is famous in history for a notable arrest. Major Harding, Mr. R. G. GLOVER, Mr. ROBERT T. WRAGG, and Mr. WILLIAM WIMBLE have only shared the fate of François Arouer, better known as Voltaire. On the 31st of May, 1753, Voltaire was placed in confinement at Frankfort by one FREYTAG, acting under the orders of FREDERICK the Great. On Friday, the 21st of August, 1885, the party above described were seized by the local police, at whose instigation does not yet appear. They were not kept in durance vile as long as VOLTAIRE, whose imprisonment lasted till July, whereas theirs ended the same night. then they were put in much more disagreeable places than VOLTAIRE, and nothing was said to them about parole. more plaintive tale has seldom been unfolded even in the hospitable columns of the *Times* at this trying season of the year, when even M. DE BLOWITZ shows signs of exhaustion, and all his readers have long since succumbed. Here are four English gentlemen of the highest respectability, one of them accompanied by his daughter, haled off to prison for nothing at all, seized and searched and locked up as a little holiday entertainment for the Frankfort police. better reason has, at least, been suggested for an outrage upon the comity of nations almost incredible in its barbarous simplicity, except a vague rumour that they were suspected of robbing a bank at Hamburg. Mr. Matthew Arnold sarcastically describes the teaching of modern languages as fitting a lad to fight the battle of life with the German waiter. English visitors to Frankfort, unless as Sir Boyle Roche would have said-they stop at home, had better learn without delay how to tackle a German detective, though we must confess that we do not at present feel ourselves able to supply any hints. Innocence, respectability, gregariousness, visiting-cards, and a habit of frequenting the best cafés, are of no avail. Who, then, shall escape? The minions of arbitrary power who guard the city of Frankfort spare neither age nor sex, and knock, like an even less welcome visitor, at the most fashionable as well as the meanest doors. If there is a respectable place for an Englishman to be at in the month of August, that place is Homburg. Homburg in late summer and early autumn is given up to the free-born Briton. If the House of Commons were suddenly summoned to meet there, a quorum could probably be made. We know on Mr. Wrago's authority that at least three members of the Government are there now. The town is practically annexed, and may perhaps be considered as a set-off for the cannibal islands off the coast of New Guinea. The institutions of the Fatherland give place to English customs.

Lawn-tennis is everywhere. Bottled beer and early dinners

These things being so, one can hardly imagine a more unimpeachable expedition for four Englishmen to make this month than to take a comfortable, not too early, train from Homburg to Frankfort. What more natural than to inspect the shops and houses in the old town? or what more pleasantly human than to remember afterwards that poor creature Moselle? Opposite the Frankfurter Hof is an excellent cafe, where this and other comforts may be procured. Frankfort is not exactly the *Ultima Thule* of civilization. It is generally thought to compare not unfavourably for law and order with San Francisco, nor are revolvers and bowie-knives prescribed by Murray or BAEDEKER as necessary implements of travel therein. An officer in the army, a member of the Civil Service, a solicitor, and an architect might not unreasonably think themselves safe in a Frankfort café. Alas! how many perils do environ the man who meddles with cold iron in the shape of a table-knife or puts the cup of harmless pleasure to his lips in the city of Frankfort! For Frankfort is cursed with an imaginative police, and the German imagination is a terrible thing when roused, though it takes a good deal to rouse it. The internal consciousness of Frankfort's civic defenders saw in this British luncheon-party a conclave of dangerous conspirators. Why did they dally so long over their fish and their Moselle ? Why did they not pour over their his and their Moselle! Why did they not pour libations to Bismarck! Why spoke they in a foreign tongue! The detective fever seized upon Frankfort officialdom. They saw Socialism, Nihilism, Bank robberies, we know not what. They smelt dynamite, or perhaps Hellhoffite, if that be the correct name of the new Russian explosive, may whose inventor perish! We have it from Mr. WRAGG that the wine was of the mildest and pathy with tourists. He is gradually picking up the un-

the conversation of the quietest description. But the hearts of the wise men of Frankfort were not softened. Mr. WIMBLE was summoned by a waiter into the entrance-hall, and went out with the light heart, which moralists tell us is inseparable from a good conscience. Asked for his card, Mr. WIMBLE, after some demur, produced it. But the police apparently thought that a natural taste for perjury had, as with Mr. Winkle of glorious memory, induced their victim to falsify his name. Injury succeeded rapidly to insult. After insinuating that Mr. WIMBLE had purloined some one else's card, the police proceeded to identify him from somebody else's photograph. "Photograph shown to Mr. Wimble and marked A," to adopt a style familiar to Mr. Wrage. "Why," said Mr. Wimble, "that man is sixty, and I am thirty-seven." This, it may be observed, in fairness to the police, who certainly stand in need of every allowance that can be made for them, was scarcely a conclusive argument. The age of a man does not, like the age of a young horse, prove itself even to experts by the incontestable evidence of his teeth. Time writes no wrinkles on some men of sixty, and puckers the foreheads of others more than twenty years their juniors. That, however, is a detail. The police, being entirely and hopelessly wrong from the beginning, were of course very obstinate. There was no doubt, they said, about Mr. Wimble being the man they wanted. There seems to have been equally little doubt in their minds about all Mr. WIMBLE's companions being other people whom they wanted; for they were all comprehended, as if they had been, in auother than the tourist's sense, vagrom men.

Major Harding appears to have fared even worse than fr. Wimble, and Mr. Wragg even worse than Major HARDING. Mr. Wragg declares that his sufferings cannot be described in a respectable journal, though that need not, in the present state of the English newspaper press, Mr. Wimble, gave the police his card, and he also must have been supposed to have provided himself with a false one. Major Harding, like a prejudiced Englishman, expected to be told for whom he was charge against him. The insular idea that a man should be informed of what he is accused is treated with lofty disdain in the great united German Empire. "You will "see," and "You shall know," are good enough answers for impertinent Britons who object to being treated, on no evidence, like common thieves. Of course the captives asked to see the English Consul, whom they happened to know. This request was met with silent contempt. pected to be told for whom he was taken, and what was the his way to prison a truly welcome sight. As when a pedestrian who has lost his bearings, tired and thirsty, beholds in the distance a dangling signboard, and thereupon visions of a foaming tankard float before him, and he curses Sir WILFRID LAWSON, but there is deep joy in his heart, so did Mr. WIMBLE rejoice when he saw the form of Mr. WILLIAM FRESHFIELD, of the well known firm of solicitors. Via prima salutis, qua minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe. A solicitor, if we may say so with all respect for the pro-fession, is not exactly the form in which the Goddess of Hope would be pictorially represented by the most imaginative painter. Mr. Freshfield, however, came down like the god from the machine. "Faites venir le Hig Cherif," telegraphed Mile. Sarah Bernhardt when she wished to be married. Mr. Freshfield promptly went for the Vice-Consul, and by eleven o'clock at night the whole party were Meanwhile the active and intelligent officers who effected the arrest had been over to Homburg, and leisurely examined the portmanteaus of their unfortunate victims. This done, the magnificent creatures were heard to say, just as if they were ordinary mortals, that they "had made a "mistake." They certainly had. If obstinate stupidity and discourtesy constitute error, those functionaries had indeed

The British Lion is roused. Prince BISMARCK had better beware. A Spanish alliance may yet be formed. Mr. Wragg, a Conservative agent, was indistinctly told that he is a Socialist. It is not likely that the Frankfort police have studied the Housing of the Working Classes. Bill in its original shape, and come to the conclusion that all English Conservatives are Socialists. Besides, if one gets into that line of argument, Prince BISMARCK is himself the great Socialist, and ought to be forthwith put under lock and key. The PRINCE, as Mr. TENNIEL'S charming cartoon reminds us, ought to have some symmetry with towards the interest of the product of the produc considered trifles of the world. AUTOLYCUS-BISMARCK Mr. CARLYLE might call him, if only the fates had permitted Mr. Carlyle to witness this latest phase of the German Chancellor's career. But, while Spain refuses to be comforted for her Carolines, and Elsass-Lothringen is Gorman, let not Prince BISMARCK suppose that the cafés of Frankfort are to be ransacked for English tourists with impunity. Yet, "after all," they were let out the same night, and perhaps Mr. Freshfield has averted a war.

EGYPTIAN MEDALS.

THE distribution of honours and rewards for the Soudan campaign and some comments which have been made on this distribution are subjects of very considerable importance, though they are not in all respects easy or pleasant to handle. The offence of looking into the mouth of a gifthorse is perhaps only less bad on the part of the receiver than on the part of the giver, and every Englishman who was not actually engaged in the Soudan operations is here to a certain extent the giver. But the circumstances of the distribution itself, with its accompanying republication of Lord Wolseley's laudatory comments on the work of the expedition generally, and still more the singular controversy which has been kept up in the Times, and the opinions expressed in that journal, seem to make some comment necessary. There may be the less difficulty in making it here that nowhere has the exemplary conduct of the two Soudan expeditions as fighting forces been more cheerfully recognized, while nowhere, also, has there been less attempt made to disguise the simple fact—irremovable by all efforts of Lord Wolseley, and of the Times, and of "Justitia," and of anybody else—that failure does not spell success, that failure spells failure, and nothing else. Any one who did not do justice to Abu Klea and to the recovery by sheer fighting from the surprise at McNeill's zariba would be unworthy to discuss the subject at all. For any one who denies that Lord Wolseley's plan failed, and that Sir Gerald Graham never pursued to any intelligible end any intelligible plan whatever, the discussion is quite useless. Such a man will find better scope for his peculiar talents and tastes in earth-flattening and circle-squaring. For earth-flattening and circle-squaring, indeed, the logic of one of the disputants in the Times' quarrel, "Justitia," is singularly well fitted. For, in pleading the right of the late expedition to a medal, he instances the case of the Ashantee affair. "Justitia" could hardly have made a more unlucky selection. Both expeditions,

The ground, however, taken by those who grumble at the non-issue of a special Soudan medal, and by the Times in support of them, is that, no doubt, the expedition failed, but that it failed not from its own fault. If it had not been for Mr. Gladstone, the medal would have been amply earned. Therefore the medal ought to be bestowed. It is not, on the whole, likely that we shall be suspected of minimizing the share which Mr. Gladstone had in preventing the success of the Soudan expedition. But when it is argued that "the soldiers are to be deprived of a reward which they so signally earned for no better reason than that those who controlled the operations committed the error of commencing them too "late," we may join with the most devoted of Mr. Gladstone's admirers in wondering what kind of a brain the human being must have who could frame and write down such an argument. We shall next hear of the injustice of depriving a racehorse of the stakes because his trainer did not get him into condition early enough, or the injustice of not allowing a boat club to take a plate at Henley because its secretary or president did not make the entry soon enough. Prizes of all kinds are given for winning, not for deserving to win, but being prevented by circumstances not under the competitor's control. Moreover, as the "General Officer" who very sensibly wrote pointed out, war medals are given on certain perfectly definite and well-known conditions. They are given for taking part in a victory, or victorious campaign, of a certain sufficient scope, bulk, and importance. The campaign of 1882, though no doubt less actual heroism by far was shown in the whole of it than on the single days of Abu Klea or the surprise at the zariba, answered these conditions; the Soudan expedition did not. It was distinctly what the "General

Officer" called it, a disaster—a disaster more glorious in some of its details than any such success as that of the campaign of Tel-el-Kebir, but still a disaster. Englishmen have, whether on this particular occasion or not it is unnecessary to say, but certainly more than once before, fallen into the error of making decorations of this kind too cheap and common. We have given medals, as it was once crudely and invidiously put, "to the Englishman who fought and "the Belgian who ran." We have gone a step further, and having given medals to the Englishman who fought, have proceeded to give them to the Englishman who doubtless would have fought if he had been on the spot, but who was not. We have acted as if the British soldier generally suffered from the same malady as Cornelle, who, according to the delicate distinction of one of his French biographers, "was not jealous, but felt like a child who requires to be "reassured by caresses against the effects of a caress given to "his brother." But at least we may avoid, and it is to be hoped shall avoid, the error of bestowing on two expeditions, one of which heroically failed, and the other of which heroically fought for no object that any one has ever yet discovered sufficiently to know whether it failed or not, a particular form of decoration associated with success. There is no objection, except one of the smallest pedantry, to a clasp on the medal of 1882. The operations were a corollary and consequence of that campaign, and the exploits at particular points fully deserved such recognition. But the issue of a separate medal for this last campaign, as a whole and by itself, would be tantamount to an assertion that the campaign was a success; and all men who know and respect the truth are aware that it was a failure.

There is the additional reason for not regarding the events of the last year as a separate (much less as a successful) series of operations, that it would be a most egregious instance of tempting fortune. With the present news from the Soudan it is less likely than ever that warlike operations in connexion with that place are as a tale that is told. There may be nothing to do for the present. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues took pretty good care of that before they went out. The luckless plant of the Souakim-Berber railway may for a time settle down at Woolwich, or box the compass like the Elving Dutchmen, before it got a change of making. like the Flying Dutchman, before it gets a chance of making train-miles between its termini. But the surrender of Kassala, even on favourable terms, is not likely to lead to Arab quiescence in the neighbourhood of Souakim. news from Berber and Dongola is almost wholly sanguinary and warlike, and, little as is certainly known of what is going on further up the Nile, none of the rumours look in the least like peace. Unless we adopt the policy of com-plete and abject scuttle, other Soudan expeditions are, to say the least, on the cards. It will be quite time enough when the disgrace of Khartoum is wiped away to talk about a Soudan medal. Half our troubles in Egypt have come from the thoughtless or obstinate optimism with which, three years ago, we determined that it was all over but shouting, and shouted accordingly, emphasizing the fact with medals and military promenades up Piccadilly, and all the rest of it. If a fraction of the troops who pro-menaded in Piccadilly had been sent up the Nile to make English rule feared on the Upper river as it was on the Lower; if half the cost of the decorations and the promenade, and the journeying backwards and forwards that that promenade involved, had been laid out in strengthening Berber and Dongola and Khartoum, and in keeping open the Souakim route while yet the tribes had not made open the Souakim route while yet the tribes had not made a formidable coalition, all the loss, expense, and disaster of the last year or two would have been saved. But then, at any rate, we had an undoubted success, if no very glorious one, to commemorate; now we have only losses partly redeemed by bravery and conduct. In this latter case the tribute paid the other day by Parliament is thoroughly in place, as it would be even if more serious reverses, which Heaven avert!—had hefallen us than the loss verses—which Heaven avert !—had befallen us than the loss of Gordon, the failure of the relief expedition, and the surprise at the zariba. Thanks by all means, and credit where credit is due; but not medals for failure.

M. FERRY AND HIS ELECTORS.

EVERY few days sees an addition made to the already long list of political manifestoes now being issued in France. Since the chiefs of the half-dozen or so different sections of the Opportunist party met and failed to draw up a programme on which more than two of them could agree, other politicians have adopted the simpler course of speaking

each for himself. The result is a collection of documents of. the most confusing multiplicity. Fortunately, a large proportion belong to the class of curiosities, and need not take up any considerable share of anybody's time. It is so easy, as French politics are at present organized, if mere confusion can be called organization, to form a party. Any twenty can be called organization, to form a party. Any twenty persons who feel so inclined can make an association and baptize themselves with as many names as they care to take. When that is done, the publication of a manifesto follows as a matter of course. To say that some of these are very curious documents would perhaps be a misuse of words. There is, after all, nothing very curious in the fact that in a country where everybody has been engaged for so long in trying to destroy something, little knots of ignorant men should take it for granted that destruction is the first duty of a good politician. If anybody wishes to realize how tightly the town population of France at any rate has grasped this great principle, he may do it by reading the extensive collection of manifestoes published by the Radicals who are Radicals pure and simple, or Radicals plus the adjectives democratic, socialistic, collectivist, anarchical, atheistic, federal, &c., arranged in various combinations. The Royalists, of whom there are some four kinds, and the Bonapartists who are divided into rival churches are more serious—in the French sense of serious—than these other more eccentric politicians. Every section of them contains men of parts and knowledge, but they are as hopelessly divided and nearly as unpractical as the Radicals. In the approaching general election the real fight seems likely to be between the Radicals who follow M. CLEMENCEAU and the other body of more doubtful title which may follow M. FERRY. The views of both of these leaders are fairly well known. M. CLÉMENCEAU has expounded his with many words at Bordeaux. It was not found easy to discover among all the rhetoric of his speeches exactly what it is he among all the rhetoric of his speeches exactly what it is he aims at doing; but in a general way it is understood that he aims at changing—in other words destroying—a very great deal, and very quickly. In answer to this, M. Ferry advanced a rival plan, according to which changes were to be made as little as possible, but to be made nevertheless. After a reasonable interval he has come forward to give his ideas as to what ought to be taken and what left.

M. Ferry's address to his electors in the Vosges is an important document for other reasons than because it contains a more or less coherent political plan. It is not only in France that a public man's words are important because he says them rather than for any merit of their own; but the quality of the speaker makes the value of the words more particularly there than elsewhere. Now M. Ferry has shown during the last two months that he is a very important man indeed. He has done what no other French politician has succeeded in doing in our time. He has survived a complete defeat, and after a short interval of obscurity has again come forward as a candidate for office with a very considerable chance of success. Whatever may be thought of his wisdom, he has shown undoubted courage and tenacity. On this ground alone his programme would have a considerable chance of being widely accepted, and is therefore well worth looking at. M. Ferry has divided his prospectus into six divisions, as becomes a statesman speaking to people who are nothing, as all the world knows, if not logical and orderly. It is a little surprising that, after arranging and numbering his proposals so neatly, he did not go further, and group them according to subject and tendency. The process would have been very easy, and it is a simple thing enough to supply the defect. M. Ferry's address may be divided into three sections. There is an Administrative, a Conservative, and a Radical part, each carefully designed to attract a different section of voters. Clause I deals with the necessity of passing the Colonial Army and Recruiting Bills. By this last is probably meant the Bill for imposing compulsory military service for three years on all Frenchmen. In Clause 6 M. Ferry, with parental affection, asks for the organization of the Colonies he has gained for his country. So much for the Administrative part. Clauses 2 and 3 are Conservative. In them M. Ferry shows how he differs from M. Clémenceau by announcing his intention to support the Concordat a

whole political creed of Messrs. Chamberlain, Jesse Collings, and Broadhurst put very briefly. M. Ferry asks, in the first place, for the imposition of an Income-tax, to be levied for the purpose of lightening the burden on the taxpayers, and then, in a more general way, for supplementary legislation to improve the condition of the working classes and develop agriculture. These are our new friends the graduated Income-tax and the Land Laws, which are to give us a body of peasant proprietors in spite of rain and the money market. In England this is still considered a somewhat Radical programme, but in France it can be brought forward by a politician who has some claim to be considered Conservative. The appearance in a French political address of proposals to improve the condition of the working classes and develop agriculture should have a lively interest for the English politicians already named. If M. Ferry is to be believed, their panacea has not proved much of a success in his country. France enjoys and has enjoyed for long the happiness of possessing a large body of peasant proprietors. Now Mr. Mill has shown, and Messrs. Chamberlain, Jesse Collings, Joseph Arch, and Broadhurst do daily assert, that a peasant proprietary is the basis of true national prosperity and the best machinery for securing good agriculture. Yet we find France in need of supplementary legislation for the working classes and for the development of agriculture. What form this legislation is to take is not clearly indicated in M. Ferry's address. In all probability the phrase is another way of promising protective duties on foreign corn and cattle. How they are to be reconciled with the interests of the tox population he does not say, nor would he find it easy to explain.

This address has the merit, such as it is, of being thoroughly Opportunist. An Opportunist is a person who endeavours to conduct government by promising direct contraries, and by trying to reconcile parties which differ on fundamentals. Although M. Ferry has kept himself clear of the futile intrigues carried on in Paris by M. SPULLER and others, this electoral address of his is not intelligible unless it is another attempt in their manner to reconcile direct contraries. If M. CLÉMENCEAU is to be beaten, M. FERBY seems to think it can only be by depriving him of part of his following by making them the same sort of offer, and then by adding to these interested converts from Radicalism as many Conservatives as can be got to vote for the least destructive of Radicals. Those who would in any other destructive of Radicals. Those who would in any other country constitute the Conservative classes will give no support to M. Ferry. They are, with few exceptions, bound support to M. Ferry. They are, with low exceptions could to the support of parties which can only obtain power by the destruction of the existing form of government, and which must think the upsetting of the Republic the first thing to be done. From them neither M. Ferry nor any Republican leader can hope for support. They would rather stand by and see all they most value destroyed than help the politicians of the Republic. But among the mass of Frenchmen who have accepted the present Government there are many who look on absolute Radicalism with fear. For them M. Ferry is careful to provide a necessary minimum of Conservatism in the shape of a promise not to attack the Concordat or break up the strongly centralized administra-tion of which many Frenchmen complain, but of which they are all at bottom very proud. It would be so exceedingly hard for French Republicans who are not exactly Radicals any statesman so likely to lead them safely in the new juste milieu as M. Ferry, that this class of voters may be juste mileu as M. Ferry, that this class of voters may be inclined to overlook those clauses of his programme which bind him to attack property and launch into more or less Socialistic legislation. These clauses are none the less the most important in the address. By them M. Ferry commits himself to accepting many of the most dangerous of the ideas of M. CLEMENCEAU, and there are many sections of the ideas of M. CLÉMENCEAU, and there are many sections of the curiously composite Opportunist party which will force his hand. Before the last election he opposed Gambetta's plan of a Revision when addressing his constituents in the Vosges. The Revision was, however, a pet notion of the more advanced Republicans, and it was finally carried out by M. Ferry's own Ministry. All the probabilities are in favour of a belief that he will show no greater strength of will in the future. When post he is in proven if a very he will in the future. When next he is in power, if ever he is, the pressure which compelled him to undertake the Revision of the Constitution before may compel him, not only to carry out the Radical parts of his programme he never contemplated, but to tamper with even what little he does still think it necessary to retain of the old institutions

THE NEW WAR OFFICE AND ADMIRALTY.

Is it defiance, or defence, or surrender? Such must be the first question on the part of the visitor, parcus et infrequens, who may be lured into dropping into that dreariest of all London sights—the models of the new War Office and Admiralty on view for this deadest of months in a desolate room in Spring Gardens. Even with all that has happened since, our readers have probably still some hazy glimmerings of a competition strangely unsatisfactory because the ordinary test of the display of the unsuccessful designs was withheld from a public which had never before met with such a churlish refusal. The names of the winners, before equally unknown to the million and to the cognoscenti, may at least have survived in the memory; while there are more concrete recollections of what the design, when revealed, really proved to be, with its unintelligent bulk, its insipid burden of ornamentation, partly commonplace and partly eccentric, without being striking, and its total absence of any of the higher instincts of composition. The question came before the House of Commons when in its usual condition of the first Thursday after the Easter recess, and of course with an empty House, much overweighted by the Treasury bench; but still, the majority was not much to boast of, and the debate still

Such was the inheritance which came to the present Government; and, although it seems to be becoming with increasing rigour the first duty of every new Government to father its predecessor's ugly orphans, yet, we presume, there may be a limit somewhere to that which otherwise will sink into a superstition. No Russian susceptibilities, with indefinite risks of universal conflagration, are involved in a change in the face of the War Office, supposing the same work is done inside, and another Admiralty is not likely to flutter the dovecotes as a new ironclad might do. To put the matter bluntly, the plea of official continuity as applied to such questions as the present one is simple subterfuge, and comes not of statesmanship, but of carelessness and cowardice. Again, we have to ask if this mysterious exhibition, with no apparent outcome, is de-fiance, defence, or surrender? A surrender would be a masterly stroke of original administration. All independent critics are agreed on the conclusion that the designs of Messrs. Leeming & Leeming are a lamentable spectacle of a great opportunity thrown away. For buildings with such an object, on such a site, in such a city, and for such a nation, a masterpiece was needed, and instead it was decreed that the public should be fobbed off with a vulgar and manufactured architectural incubus. A point may have been touched up here or there in these new models; but the whole pile is, for practical purposes, what was exhibited last year, only that the steeple, which was oppressively too big, has been replaced by one which is as inadequately too little. Perhaps a change of design might involve some outlay of time, but that of course would be well worth the candle, while the reformed construction would be for the Government which dared to undo its predecessors' bungling work, a visible monument of administrative common sense, and of respect for the good artistic name of London and of England.

OLIVIER PAIN.

HERE are worse ways of increasing the sale of a paper than M. Rochefort's. He has accused the officers of a foreign Power of murder, and of the minor offence of He has also incited to assassination. These are sufficiently base forms of journalism, but there are lower depths. Accusations of murder and incitements to assassination are, as the Irish say, clean sins. Moreover, M. Rochefort is only doing in a violent way what his more respectable countrymen do habitually. It is antecedently probable to most Frenchmen that English officers are capable of all crimes. It is further a common article of belief on the other side of the Channel that the wicked Englishman never commits his familiar wickedness with so much zest as when the victim is a Frenchman, and therefore member of a nation which perfidious Albion regards with parti-cular hatred and envy. As far as he gives expression to this belief, M. ROCHEFORT is only interpreting the feel-ings of many thousands of other Frenchmen, and in so far is fulfilling a legitimate function of journalism. If he chooses to increase the sale of his paper by menda-eity of this kind, it must be acknowledged that his re-

sources have a certain dignity as compared with those of his brother gutter journalists in Paris and elsewhere. Of course, if he is to be judged by another standard, he is utterly wanting in sense and manners. The tale of the alleged offer of such a ridiculously high price as 50% for the head of OLIVIER PAIN and of the murder of that M. Selikovitch's cock and-bull story is only just more stupid than the long letter of an Egyptian in the Times.

M. Rochefort's incitements to violence are more serious.

It is just possible that some M. Cabasse de Castillonnes wight he stirred up by the state of t might be stirred up by them to get himself knocked down by an English attaché, which would cause an unfortunate scandal. The French police might, however, be trusted to prevent any such undiplomatic incident.

The whole thing would not have deserved notice if the English Government had not condescended to take notice of it. The International Arbitration Association may do as it pleases. It only proves once more that a great deal of folly is compatible with good intentions and gush; but we cannot help thinking that it was a mistake on the part of the Foreign Office to elevate M. Selikovitch by doing him the honour to so far notice his existence as to point out his untruths. The step has the appearance of being one more sign of our growing incapacity to hold our tongues. It is, no doubt, true that many Frenchmen believe all M. ROCHEFORT'S stories, and we are justified in suspecting that some members at least of the French Government would be very glad to get some evidence of their truth. M. DE FREYCINET is, for one, in that open-minded state which invites the offer of proof. It is, no doubt, a misfortune that M. CABASSE DE CASTILLONNES has so much to say in France, and is so widely listened to; but we ought have learnt to support the evil with philosophy. the English Government is to take notice of all the veno-mous balderdash about England published in Parisian news-papers, it will have its hands full. It would, of course, be impossible to neglect a direct complaint on the part of the French Government or to refuse to answer its questions. As yet, however, no complaint has been made, and no question has been asked. The English Government might well have waited, and have left M. Brisson's Cabinet to assume, if it chose, the odium of countenancing libellous charges. It has preferred to take another course. It has answered the spiteful accusations of very obscure persons by direct denials, which no fair-minded man needed and which M. Rochefort and his like naturally refuse to accept. great patriotic demonstration has been held all the same, and has done as much mischief as it could. In the absence of M. Rochefort, who found the place of meeting un-pleasantly crowded, other speakers abused England with amusing fury, and then raved at their own Government for its supposed complicity in our imaginary crimes. obvious intention of the agitators to utilize this so-called patriotic demonstration for domestic purposes deprives it of whatever importance it can ever have had as far as we are concerned. For the rest, it will leave Frenchmen just where it found them; and, if Englishmen look at it attentively, they may even learn a few not wholly useless things. In the first place, they will see how easily popularity is gained in France by abuse of England, and what silly stories are swallowed, provided they are only violent enough. Then they will see that many Frenchmen who do not this sort of thing themselves are prepared to countenance it quietly when it is done for them by M. ROCHEFORT. Then, again, they will see the French Government in exactly the same state of mind as these more respectable persons. When they have looked at all this, they will be strangely in-capable of the simple process of reasoning called putting two and two together if they do not draw certain deductions as to the value of the friendship of France.

A DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.

THE dubious and excessively disreputable Corporation-Sole or aggregate—which is pleased to go by the style of "the Chief Director of the Secret Commission," made a statement the other day touching the notorious "case of "ELIZA ARMSTRONG," of which one or two points require notice. The first person singular is used throughout, so it is fair to assume that it is the work of an individual. This person does well to disguise his identity under the veil of a periphrase, because he admits himself to have been guilty of at least two serious crimes.

The story he has to tell is briefly this. An infamous woman, acting under general directions from him, stole a little girl from her mother. If the child was over fourteen, the woman committed the misdemeanour called abduction, punishable with two years' hard labour. If she was under fourteen, the offence was child-stealing, and the maximum punishment seven years' penal servitude. Legally, the "Chief Director of the Secret Commission" may probably be able to defend himself from a charge of complicity in this abduction or theft. His defence is that he ordered the woman not to steal the child, but to do what is at least equally disgraceful from a moral point of view-buy it from its mother for a small sum for a criminal purpose. The woman in question can well afford to have the responsibility laid on her shoulders, as it would not apparently make her a more deprayed character than she was before. The child, having been abducted or stolen, was, according to the story of the "Chief Director of the Secret Commission," brought to him, and by him taken to another woman, who, at his instance, committed an indecent assault upon her. demeanours there are no accessories, and if the story is true, and the narrator procured the assault to be committed, he is guilty of that crime. He then, according to his statement, took the child to a house of ill-fame, and there drugged her, or caused her to be drugged, with chloroform. The administration of chloroform was unquestionably an assault, inasmuch as it deprived the child of her liberty by sending her to sleep, while if it should be held that it was an administration of a "noxious thing with intent was an administration of a "noxious thing with intent "to injure, aggrieve, or annoy," it was a statutory misdemeanour punishable with five years' penal servitude. The man's story is that this, like all the preceding wrongs, was done by way of experiment in order to prove the possibility of doing it for criminal purposes. As if any sane man could require practical demonstration of the possibility of sending a child to sleep with chloroform! We pass over the residue of his loathsome story. All that is necessary sending a child to seep with chlorolorm: We pass over the residue of his loathsome story. All that is necessary here is to point out to the police, and others whom it concerns, that this person, whose identity is known to several people, has, by his own admission, committed at least two positive crimes.

On the same day that this confession was published a On the same day that this contession was published a letter gravely affecting the credit of several eminent persons was addressed by Mr. E. W. Thomas, of the London Female Preventive and Reformatory Institution, to the St. James's Gazette. Mr. Thomas, to whom the credit of having restored ELIZA ARMSTRONG to her parents and extracted from the person chiefly responsible for her abduction the confession of his misdeeds is primarily due, invited the members of the self-styled "Mansion House Committee" to investigate the story of Mrs. Armstrong. It will be to investigate the story of Mrs. Armstrong. It will be remembered that Mrs. Armstrong had been, and still is, accused by the fabricators of the story of selling her daughter. accused by the harmators of the story of selling her daughter. Mr. Thomas asserts that she and an independent witness who corroborated her statements were both "subjected to "a severe cross-examination by Mr. Reid, Q.C. On the "conclusion of Mr. Reid's examination," Mr. Thomas continues, "I asked Mrs. Armstrong, 'Will you swear "that you did not sell your daughter? Before she "could reply, one of the Committee interposed, saying "that there was no occasion for further evidence as he and "that there was no occasion for further evidence, as he and "his colleagues admitted [a word which suggests advocates "rather than judges] the falsehood of the 'Lilly' [Eliza "Armstrong] story." Is this true or not? We have the assertion of Mr. Thomas, whom we have no reason to believe to be otherwise than a respectable gentleman, that it is. If it is, then the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of LONDON, Cardinal MANNING, Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, and Mr. Reid joined in asserting that a set of stories was "substantially true" when they knew and had admitted that one of them—the only one, as far as is known, into which they made inquiry—was absolutely false. His Grace, his Eminence, and the other distinguished gentlemen have had their veracity on a plain question of fact publicly What have they got to say to it? impeached.

FRENCH COLONISTS IN TONQUIN.

In the latter part of last year there was a large and steadily-kept-up influx of French colonists into Tonquin. Every troopship brought a fresh batch of them, ten, twenty, thirty, as many as could be stowed away, after the troops had been berthed. There were others, more fastidious, who did not care for the scanty and not too attractive accommodation of the troopers, and therefore made their way to the new land of promise on board the

steamers of the Messageries Maritimes, a considerable reduction being made in their fare by a benevolent Republic, anxious that the expensive new colony should be a success. Many of the new arrivals were animated by equally patriotic views. They would show to a sneering world, and especially to ces Anglais, that France could colonize when she wanted to, could raise a semicivilized people to commercial principles and wealth, and establish a port which would rival the most prosperous under the Union Jack. Others there were who were not so eloquent, who professed no more than a consuming desire to make their fortunes and get back to the pleasant land of France again as soon as might be. Others still announced that they had no particular views in the matter. They had been told by Government agents that they should go out to Tonquin to make their fortunes. Frenchmen were wanted there, and would be sure to prosper no matter what they turned their hands to. But, whatever their original motive for emigrating, all arrived full of zeal and enthusiastic hopes, excited by the florid pictures of superficial observers, imaginative persons, and partisan journalists. They were almost all of the lower middle-class, people of a certain amount of education and accustomed to a reasonable degree of comfort. No country, they were persuaded, could supply to them the fair land they had left, but they were buoyant in spirits, full of pleasant dreams of the wealth so quickly and so easily to be made, and then in a year or two, Ho for France again!

wealth so quickly and so easily to be made, and then in a year or two, Ho for France again!

The revulsion ten hours after they landed was absolutely painful to see. The dream of Alnaschar had not a more pitiable ending; le pot au lait was capsized, Pandora's box was found to have no bottom, the confidence of immediate success was transformed inte a desperate effort to save every sou out of the few francs that had been brought as a nest-egg. The pride in the successes of a gallant soldiery was forgotten in the indignation against a deceiving—possibly a self-deceiving—Government at home. Those who arrived with the most patriotic and lofty views were the most bitter. On descending from their steamer they were paddled on shore by a dishevelled Annamese woman and a forward and very shore by a dishevelled Annamese woman and a forward and very dirty little boy, and were landed on the muddy banks of the Song-Tam-Bac, the creek which leads up to Hanoi. This was disconcerting, for the sail up the river is deceptive. Along its banks, where the deep-sea steamers anchor, there is a line of neat white houses which arouse visions doomed to be deceived. But these houses belong to the French officers, military and civil, and beyond there is almost nothing. The ambitious colonist is landed within a few steps of the Grande Place, but he sees nothing but a tiny and rickety Customs House, a low brick-and-plaster store, established by a couple of Swiss from Shanghai, a row of barracks to the left, surrounded by a half-filled-up moat, and round the square nothing but bamboo shanties, with their thatch tied down, lest typhoons should blow it away. This is very unpromising, but he hopes for something better behind, and calls for a cab to drive him to the Post-office. There are always some previously landed victims down by the landing-place waiting for this. It is the sole joke that consoles them in their misery, and they make the most of it, once a fortnight or once a month. They receive the demand with shouts of laughter, and our new arrival finds out by experience that he can get to the Post-office in three minutes, and can exhaust every street in the settlement in a quarter of an hour. Many go straight on board again, and remain there to return to Europe by the next steamer. Others, more courageous, seek out the hotel, but do not find much consolation there. The bedrooms are simply a long bamboo shed, divided by thin bamboo walls into compartments about ten feet by ten. The chinks in the split bamboo walls are stopped up with clay. The bare earth is hardly kept out of sight by a few square tiles, the moistest of all pavements. Between the thatch roof and the side walls there is an open space of two feet, which lets in the mosquitoes in summer and the cold in winter. The window is a simple deal board. If y shore by a dishevelled Annamese woman and a forward and very dirty little boy, and were landed on the muddy banks of the Song-Tau-Bac, the creek which leads up to Hanoi. This was dis-

you want to shut out the cold and the wet you cannot see, and if you want to have light in your room you must let in the sun or the rain. For this three francs a day has to be paid.

This usually scares off the last of the emigrants with money enough to take them home again. But there are others who have to stay, whatever their feelings may be. The Government is willing enough to give free passages out, or to send out colonists at a large reduction of fare; but it will not take them home again. Consequently the great majority must stay. They establish themselves in the hotel, and find that in a corner of the establishment is a large open cesspool. The whole town, in fact, is variegated with slimy marshes and cesspools, as they find when they go out to explore the place. It is not too much to say that since 1883 no Government work of importance has been executed, or even begun, in Haiphong. A few roads have been metalled, since 1833 no Government work of importance has been executed, or even begun, in Haiphong. A few roads have been metalled, a few offices built; but these were absolute necessities. The trumpery mud fort, which recalled the days when the only enemies to be feared were caterans with spear and whinyard, has been cleared away, without, however, supplying earth enough te fill up the noisome moat which surrounded its walls. The stockade that was so long suggestive of insecurity of tenure to the new arrival has disappeared; but there are no new houses rising beyond the limits which it marked out. Except for that built by an enterprising Swede, there are no new houses in the place at all, except such as the Annamese run up in an hour or two. Some of the old roads have been improved a little by means of broken bricks scattered plentifully over them; but there are no fresh efforts in this way. Outside the village—for Haiphong is still little better—things remain absolutely the same as under

Annamese rule. It is safe enough to go about the surrounding country now, which is more than can be said for the neighbourhood of any other town in Tonquin, or even of Haiphong itself in 1883; but at this time of the year it requires the enthusiasm of a sportsman, and a snipe-shooter "at that," to venture along the muddy paths. The piers or wharves, which one might have expected to see coming into existence, show no signs even of preparation. The appearance of the whole place is dismal in the extreme, and the only matter for wonder is that cholera did not make its appearance there long ago.

For the present there is no room for new enterprise in Haiphong, that is for such enterprise as colonists with a few hundred france are able to undertake. Therefore they make their way, with a Government pass, up to Hanoi by one of the river launches. There they find the state of things outwardly much more flourishing. Good roads run all over the town. It will be no longer necessary in the rainy months to support uncertain steps over the mud with a spear or an iron-shod stick. The streets are lighted with oil lamps. An efficient service of police keeps good order. There is one cab which plies for hire, and there are several jinrickshus, mostly private. European shops have sprung up in considerable numbers, and give an air of substantiality and progress with their brick facedes. On the other thand, it is unpleasant to notice that mostly private. European shops have sprung up in considerable numbers, and give an air of substantiality and progress with their brick façades. On the other hand, it is unpleasant to notice that brick façades. On the other hand, it is unpleasant to notice that the two houses which, in 1884, were the most elaborate and promising, are now closed. The roof of one fell in and crushed all heart out of its owner. The other hoped in vain for compensation from Government for a previous store destroyed owing to military necessities, and was ruined by harpy creditors. It soon dawns upon the new arrival that the only people who are likely to succeed for a considerable time in Tonquin are the cantiniers, the keepers of cabarets, and the sellers of preserved meats. The dreams of claims in gold and copper mines, acres of silk cultivation, sugar-mills and coffee plantations, are not likely to be realized for years, if at all. Therefore the dejected settler of last year declared that he was decoved from France—some of them year declared that he was decoyed from France—some of them said they were forced—by the Government of the Republic, and said they were forced—by the Government of the Republic, and the letters which they wrote home to their friends materially helped on the downfall of M. Ferry. There was no doubt that they had come too soon. There is no room yet for the substantial shopkeeper in France's new colony; it is too early even for the merchant, unless he has large funds and is prepared to wait. The fault of the wretched business lay entirely with the Home Government. The administration in Tonquin was quite free from blame. Time after time they wired home, protesting against this wholesale exportation of innocents, and entreating that no more might be sent or allowed to go till there was a reasonable prospect that they might find occupation. Work in Government offices was found or created for many. An attempt was made to find occupation for some in Keelung; but the gallant Admiral whose body is being brought home in the Bayard promptly and sensibly refused to receive them, and they never even landed. North Formosa under any circumstances does not offer a favourable colonizing ground, and, as events turned out, the settlers landed. North Formosa under any circumstances does not offer a favourable colonizing ground, and, as events turned out, the settlers would all have been forced to leave just after they had settled. But the poor creatures who had made this bootless voyage up the China Seas found themselves in a sorry plight when they came back. New shiploads had arrived in the meantime, and there is a limit even in Tonquin to the number of cantiniers and auberlimit even in Tonquin to the number of cantiniers and aubergistes. The French have a natural genius for hotel-keeping; but there is a very material difference between keeping an hotel, even the ricketty lot of lean-tos called in Tonquin an hotel, and keeping a military canteen. Most of the immigrants were altogether unfitted for such work. The usual plan was to join in partnership with a sutler already established, one of the time-served soldiers or ruffianly loafers from Saïgon, who first started ministering to the wants of the French Tommy Atkins. The almost invariable result was that the new partner lost all his money and became virtual potboy to a tyrannical and blaspheming blackguard. Those who started for themselves came to no less signal grief. They had not the energy to keep close on the heels of the expeditionary columns. Their coolies deserted them, and they were left helpless in the middle of a hostile population, or "pirates" descended on their boats in some quiet creek and cut their heads off. Therefore the garrison towns soon became so full of restaurants and pothouses that the Government was obliged to forbid the opening of any more. The later arrivals were then in of restaurants and pothouses that the Government was obliged to forbid the opening of any more. The later arrivals were then in a desperate case. They had to take anything they could get. It was painful to see a licencié en droit serving drinks in a café along with Tonquinese "boys." Yet that might have been seen any day in Hanoi. A man who gave up a desk in a financial house, the most renowned in the world, had to accept a miserably paid appointment in a subordinate and temporary Government department. Others became simple cattle-drivers for the army

purveyors.

But, bad as it was with the men, it was worse still with the ladies, not a few of whom accompanied their husbands to Tonquin. One was a governess in a well-known English family. Her husband left a comfortable post in Nice to emigrate to la nouvelle France. They waited for weeks in Haiphong, but nothing offered itself. Then they went to Hanoi, and, after more long waiting, got a house from a Chinaman, where they sold drinks and kept a baccarat-table. Another lady landed in the fond belief that her husband's store was destined to be the most popular—somewhere in Tonquin. The store never came into existence, and she was recommended, half in jest, half in earnest, to become la belle parfumeuse de Hanoi. She peddled handkerchiefs and scents

about the cafés for a time, and then her good looks got her husband a small clerkship. Fortunately all this has come to an end. The French people and the French Government have at length been persuaded that, whatever capacity the country may have for colonization, the time has not yet come to try it in Tonquin. The country has to be pacified yet, and it is as far off that as ever it has been. The whole of the Delta beyond the range of French guns is still a prey to the bands of "pirates," the pillaging dacoits, who ruin the most fertile provinces, intercepting junks, burning villages, cutting throats, and robbing indiscriminately. These immemorial pests of Tonquin are as numerous and as flourishing as ever they were. From June till October, when the rains and heats render campaigning almost impossible for European troops, they overrun the flat rice-lands with impunity, and when the dry weather comes round again merge into peaceful peasants or retire into the hills. Till roads are made, there is little hope that this annual eruption will be put an end to, and the French have as yet done practically nothing in the way of road-making. Roads are even more necessary in Tonquin for the opening up of the country than they are in China, and when these have been made it will be time enough to try colonization again. Tonquin is a reconfercial country and revent feature and revent the trained again. about the cafés for a time, and then her good looks got her husband country than they are in China, and when these have been made it will be time enough to try colonization again. Tonquin is a very fertile country, and, notwithstanding the density of its population, might export a great deal of rice and sugar and tobacco; but the trade is very far from being easily organized. The Tonquinese is too poor to own much land. The great bulk of the soil belongs to the village. The process of buying produce is, therefore, emphatically burdensome to the European. He has either to make his purchases in absurdly small quantities from individuals, or he has to enter into solemn and tiresome provintions with village. has to enter into solemn and tiresome negotiations with village elders. The plodding Chinaman will have to come in as middleman before the rich lands of Tonquin can realize the wealth their fertility ought to ensure. Chinese immigration would be a benefit to the country, but the French still prevent it as much as they can. The few old Chinese residents who were allowed to stay on under Government permits could naturally move no great distance from where they were known, and their pluck in staying at all under the systematic bullying and insults that were put on them was worthy of more generous treatment. Now they will probably profit by their courage; but the treatment they had to go through will make their friends almost as unwilling to join them as the French are to admit them. But the sooner the French make up their minds that, with the exception of a few large exporting firms, the Chinese are the race who will make money out of Tonquin, the sooner they will get out of their financial difficulties in their new colony. And the speedy recognition of this fact will perhaps prevent a new craze for emigrating to Tonquin from bringing ruin and misery upon a fresh throng of unfortunates. on under Government permits could naturally move no great bringing ruin and misery upon a fresh throng of unfortunates.

THE GREAT SCREW MYTH AGAIN.

The Great Screw MTH AGAIN.

It is not very kind of the Daily News (just before a general election too!) to make itself the instrument of trotting out the Great Screw Myth once more. For, though nobody ever can find out the truth about the Great Screw Myth ("the beauty of it is that nobody ever can find it out," as the Owl observed), it somehow or other never comes under discussion without leaving Mr. Chamberlain and those about Mr. Chamberlain just a shade shadier than before. The mysterious crimes mysteriously charged against the junior member for Birmingham, his ancestors, commercial predecessors, and, generally speaking, legators, executees, administratees, and assigners—crimes which, in this respect, resemble the stones of certain Rude Stone Monuments, that no two persons ever tell them twice alike—grow, indeed, no clearer from semble the stones of certain reade Stone monuments, that no two persons ever tell them twice alike—grow, indeed, no clearer from these revivals. But the word clear has a double sense, and, if the crimes grow no clearer, neither do the supposed criminals. Moreover, in each new discussion those about Mr. Chamberlain generally find some opportunity of exhibiting in new lights or in new instances the gracious virtues which mark the Birmingham new instances the gracious virtues which mark the Birmingham Radical, always the mildest-mannered man that ever redistributed sents and the most pleasant-spoken that ever called his neighbour a liar. The present episode of the Chamberlainiad—the last appearance of the Great Screw Myth—had to do with a little controversy between Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn. The present representative of the "Princes in Wales" seems to have put the Great Screw Myth in a vivid but crude and second what in a title form was reported. somewhat inartistic form. According to him, the firm went round (c'était l'amour, l'amour, l'amour, the love of screwmakers generally, which made that firm go round) to the other screwmakers of the town, and told them that, if they did not sell their business to them, they would break them. In short—

Chamberlain and Nettlefold went round the town, And said, "You sell your business, or we'll break you down."

And said, "You sell your business, or we'll break you down."
Thereupon Mr. Chamberlain was written to and replied that the statement was "absolutely false," which it will be at once observed it might easily be, even though the Great Screw Myth were substantially true. For if one member of the firm did not go round with the others, or if the word "break" was not used, it must be quite clear, not only to such great casuists as the Reverends Tuckwell and Kennedy, that Mr. Chamberlain might declare the statement "absolutely false" without incurring the danger of being called what he is so fond of calling others. We have ourselves frequently deplored the want of art which the rhapsodists of the Great Screw Myth so frequently show, and this want of art was sadly exhibited in the next act of the commenty.

A guileless local journalist, Mr. Frederick Roe, who seems to have been under the extraordinary impression that Mr. Chamberlain and his friends are auxious to tell the whole story; wrote to a certain Birmingham Radical of the name of Frearson, who is supposed to know all about it. The polite and obliging Frearson replied with what Mr. Allard ("the famous Allard," as Major Kitchener, according to M. Selikovitch, would say) calls "an extremely pointed rejoinder," and not only so, but, being perhaps imperfectly acquainted with the law of copyright, published Mr. Roe's letter without asking his leave. There was, indeed, nothing in it that Mr. Roe need be ashamed of, except, perhaps, his verdancy in believing that those about Mr. Chamberlain wish to give any information on the subject. But Mr. Frearson's letter is the point of interest, not Mr. Roe's. The extremely pointed rejoinder consists in the statement that "in Mr. Frearson's opinion" (which had not been asked) Sir Watkin Williams Wynn had been guilty of "a gross falsehood." Then Mr. Frearson charged Mr. Roe with "endeavouring to substantiate an untruth" (whereas poor Mr. Roe had guilelessly endeavoured to get at the truth). Then he enclosed, to "enlighten" Mr. Roe, some newspaper correspondence (very well known) which appeared last autumn. And then he made some polite remarks about Mr. Roe's "valorous determination," the "personal inconvenience" which would await him if he repeated Sir Watkin's charges, and so forth. For those about Mr. Chamberlain are, as not the least amiable of Dickens's characters says, "a little liable to it," and their language when they are liable to it is unmistakable.

Now this is great fun. For it would be an insult to the reader to suppose him likely to miss the little point that Mr. Frearson, like everybody else on Mr. Chamberlain's side who has ever spoken or written about the matter, carefully avoids saying what did happen in this famous and mysterious business. It is perhaps less of an insult to the reader (as the question here

Now this is great fun. For it would be an insuit to the reader to suppose him likely to miss the little point that Mr. Frearson, like everybody else on Mr. Chamberlain's side who has ever spoken or written about the matter, carefully avoids saying what did happen in this famous and mysterious business. It is perhaps less of an insult to the reader (as the question here is not of intelligence, but memory) to remind him that the newspaper correspondence which Mr. Frearson enclosed to Mr. Roc contains no "enlightenment" whatever. It contains Mr. Grenfell's rather awkward acknowledgment that he, like everybody else, was unable to substantiate a particular form of the accusation; a kind of compurgation or general testimony from Admiral Maxse that if the firm had gone round the town, &c., it wouldn't much have mattered; another from a parson who couldn't find a circular; and a very remarkable epistle from "A. Stokes & Co." saying that Mr. Chamberlain's actions, or Mr. Chamberlain's firm's actions, were "highly beneficial to the trade and beneficent to those whose businesses were purchased," and adding further that it was a famous thing for those who were not purchased, which indeed was intelligible enough. This very remarkable epistle of "A. Stokes & Co.," which contained the admission that there were certain proceedings of the nature of buying up businesses, naturally did not do much to set at rest the Great Screw Myth, the whole point of which is that certain businesses were purchased, and it left inquiring minds like Mr. Roe's more eager than ever to know. That it should also have left them under any other impression than that whosever does know will take uncommonly good care not to tell is odd. It would be odder if the existence of guileless confidence in the human race was not a fact which, to its honour, is perpetually proved by little accidents with strangers who have come into fortunes, with other strangers who have enormous cheques in their pockets, but not sufficient change to take an openibus to Pockham an

than that whoseever dees know will take uncommonly good care not to tell is odd. It would be odder if the existence of guileless confidence in the human race was not a fact which, to its honour, is perpetually proved by little accidents with strangers who have come into fortunes, with other strangers who have enormous cheques in their pockets, but not sufficient change to take an omnibus to Peckham, and so forth, and so forth.

Thus the net result of the last appearance of the Great Screw Myth is the addition of Mr. Roe to the gallery of those who do credit to human nature, the addition of Mr. Frearson to the ingenuous and courteous group of friends of Mr. Chamberlain, but most certainly not the addition of any positive knowledge as to the extraordinary transactions which, according to "A. Stokes & Co.," did such immense good to those who were bought and those who were not. It is probably the desire not to have good deeds bruited abroad which makes everybody who knows the facts so exceedingly shy of telling them. That there are facts we know from "A. Stokes & Co.," who may be called the defendant's witnesses, though God forbid that we should imply that Mr. Chamberlain has anything to defend. That no one of the published versions of the facts is so accurate as to make it impossible for a man of Mr. Chamberlain's strict probity to pronounce it false, we have on the authority of Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Frearson, and other people, whom to doubt were, let us say, to rank oneself with persons as uncourteous as themselves. We know from "A. Stokes & Co." that certain businesses were bought, with the general result of the restoration of the Golden Age as far as the screw trade of Birmingham was concerned. But, standing on this little island of positive, and of course very pleasant, knowledge, we feel, alas! oceans of that merely negative kind of knowledge which is the most irritating form of ignorance surrounding us. Mr. Grenfell's form we know is not true; Sir Watkin Williams Wynn's form we know is absolutely false. The c

seem quite to play the game in this way. They tell us (in language which has at least one of the characteristics of the Rude Stone Monuments above referred to) when the answers are wrong. But they seem to think it such fun to play that they won't say what is the answer. Yet we know from "A. Stokes & Co." that there is an answer—one, no doubt, which would surround Mr. Chamberlain's head with an aureole and make him all that even Mr. Collings's fancy paints him in the eyes of a no longer doubting world. Surely this reticence carries humility too far? Is it right, is it in accordance with man's duty to man, to deprive the public of a fuller knowledge of this good deed, which made the bought-out screwmakers happy for ever and caused the heart of "A. Stokes & Co." to leap with joy? There is this to be urged further, that a base world will assign base motives to the silence. Not of course in the direction of the Great Screw Myth, that is not to be thought of. But everybody knows Thackeray's magnificent description of the sorrowing Jew in "Autour de Mon Chapeau," who "had given too much for that hat," who "knew that he might have got the thing for less money." Can it be that in pure benevolence "the firm" committed this disgraceful error? Observe, we only say can it be? Far be it from us to say that it was, and so to give Mr. Chamberlain, or Mr. Frearson, or somebody else of that genus, the opportunity of indulging in the favourite vocabulary of which they are such masters. Indeed, to speak with honest frankness, we never heard this form of the Great Screw Myth put forward, and we shouldn't believe it if we did, despite its plausibility.

did, despite its plausibility.

Quousque tandem, therefore? We accept all Mr. Chamberlain's denials with the most implicit faith. Mrs. Wenham had one of her headaches. The circular could not be found.

Chamberlain and Nettlefold went round the town, Said, "Sell us your business, or we'll break you down." Down! down! "We'll break you down,"

though a delightful song, and one that will long dwell in our memory, is, we regretfully acknowledge, "absolutely false" as an historical statement of fact. "A Stokes & Co." remain the sole fountains of knowledge (with anything but an unlimited supply), and we shall no more know the particulars of that benevolence than we know what happened in the Seven Castles of the King of Bohemia. However, the parallel is a bad one, for the King of Bohemia was "unfortunate," and that can hardly be said of Mr. Chamberlain.

BOSWORTH FIELD.

Lour hundred years ago last Saturday, there was fought the last of the battles of the Wars of the Roses, according to popular estimation, though the defeat of the Roses, according to popular estimation, though the defeat of the Roses, according to popular estimation, though the defeat of the Roses, according to popular at Stoke a few years later, and the death of Lincoln on that field, more accurately mark the end of the struggle. However, the accession of the House of Tudor and the death of the last Plantagenet King at Bosworth have secured for it deserved notoriety. It is instructive to compare it with the previous battles of the war, which were fought when some principles were still at stake and when some public interest in the struggle existed. At Towton, for instance, upwards of one hundred thousand men had met and contended all day with obstinacy for a field where, by some accounts, nearly thirty thousand lost their lives. But since Towton, more certainly since Barnet and Tewkesbury, the supremacy of a central power and the subordination of a turbulent baronage had been secured, upon whatsoever head the crown rested. At Bosworth only some personal interests, hopes, and animosities were engaged. The forces of the four commanders in the field—the King, the Earl of Richmond, and the two Stanleys—reached only to about five-and-twenty thousand all told. Of these half the King's army and some of Lord Stanley's were not seriously engaged, and Sir William Stanley's three thousand red-coats, celebrated in the ballad of the "Ladye Bessiye," only came in to overwhelm Richard and his handful of personal followers when the fight was being sustained by them alone. The whole number slain cannot be placed above a thousand, and those nearly all on the King's side, and the fighting lasted scarcely two hours. Personal fear and dislike towards Richard had united adherents of his House with Lancastrians, and terms of alliance being agreed upon, the Earl of Richmond invaded the country, with well-founded reliance upon treacher

son, who was in the King's power, confessed the treason of his uncle Sir William Stanley, to save his own life. Sir William was proclaimed a traitor, but ostentatiously kept his troops aloof from Richmond. Lord Stanley was still professedly acting in the

King's interest.

Richard was lying at Nottingham, as a central position for the observation of the country and for the assembling of his forces. It says little for the zeal in his cause, or the popular interest in the struggle, that so few found time to answer the summons which he addressed to all the counties. No doubt the time was short, yet we find from a letter of the Duke of Norfolk to John Paston that the Duke was at Bury St. Edmunds on Tuesday night, August 16, and yet able to join Richard upon the field; the Earl of Northumberland was there too, presumably from the North, and men were brought up from London and Yorkshire. Had there been hearty affection for his person and cause, Richard Had there been hearty affection for his person and cause, Richard would have had a larger army than the twelve thousand men, or rather more, who followed him to the battle. The Continuator of the Croyland Chronicle calls it "numerus hominum pugnatorum

rather more, who followed him to the battle. The Continuator of the Croyland Chronicle calls it "numerus hominum pugnatorum major quam antea visus est unquam in Anglia pro una parte"; but this must be founded merely on the report of some spectator who saw the army march from Leicester in a long-extended line, purposely arranged to give an imposing appearance of strength. The King had left Nottingham for Leicester about August 19, and marched from Leicester on Sunday, August 21; the forces of Norfolk not having yet joined him. They were close at hand, and united on the morning of the battle with Richard's army.

Knowing that his opponent was advancing by the Watling Street, Richard had already caused a camp to be prepared on high ground, near the village of Stapleton, nearly four miles, as the erow flies, N.E. from that road, and about as far to the S.E. from Market Bosworth. The remains of the camp indicate some care in its construction, so that it was probably a spot chosen deliberately for the observation of the road. Lord Stanley, falling back from Atherton before Richmond's advance, encamped south-east of the King, on ground separated from him by a rivulet called the Tweed. This stream, flowing north-westward, parallel to the Watling Street, is joined by other brooks, and at the junction with one of these forms a patch of swampy ground, directly beyond which, on the bank of the stream, Richmond pitched his camp, on a place called White Moors, guided, tradition says, by local advice. The stream was in his front, the soft ground on his right, and he threw up slight entrenchments as a further protection. His camp was about three miles from that of Richard, but there was and he threw up slight entrenchments as a further protection. His eamp was about three miles from that of Richard, but there was camp was about three miles from that of Richard, but there was little fear of a direct attack, owing to the nature of the ground. Sir William Stanley had posted his men two miles to the north, towards the town of Market Bosworth, on an eminence whence he could survey the whole of the field of action. Norfolk's camp on the evening before the battle was near him to the east. He only joined the King as he advanced to the field next day. Bosworth Field, as it was called, lay north-east of Richard's camp, some way north-west of Richard's. The southern part of the ground, called Redmoor Plain, was then open; more to the north was a hill, called Amyon Hill, and on this plain and hill the battle was fought. The land seems to have been the common-fields of the Manor of Sutton-Chevnell, divided, of course, by no hedges. It is now broken up Cheynell, divided, of course, by no hedges. It is now broken up with hedges and wood; the railway from Nuneaton to Ashby-dela-Zouch and the Ashby Canal both traverse it. These changes may explain the very different accounts of the disposition of the troops which have been given. Both commanders wished for a battle. Richmond knew that he must risk all to make the battle. Richmond knew that he must risk all to make the Stanleys openly declare themselves, and as the only hope of keeping his adventurers together. Richard, justly despising his avowed enemies, hoped to prevent treachery going further by a bold stroke in the field. He marched north-westward from his camp on Monday, August 22, united with Norfolk near Sutton-Cheynell, and prepared to attack Richmond's camp from the north or north-east. Richmond had, however, left his station too, and, heldly relaying on removed aid, camp out with inferior forces to or north-east. Richmond had, however, left his station too, and, boldly relying on promised aid, came out with inferior forces to meet the King. His left wing and the right wing of Richard must have rested upon Amyon Hill, while the armies faced each ather, looking nearly east and west respectively, on Redmoor Plain. The King, at least, had artillery. Clad in the armour which he had worn fourteen years before at Tewkesbury, he was not likely to have neglected the arm which had done such service there, beating Somerset out of his entrenchments, to be everthrown in the open. Balls are said to have been dug up on the spot, and the ballads of "Bosworth Feilde" and the "Ladye Bessiye" both mention the King's ordnance, though we need not accept the account of the former, that

They had sevenscore Sarpendines without dout, That were locked and chained upon a row; As many Bombards that were stout; Like blasts of thunder they did blow.

Drayton likewise speaks of artillery.

The march of Richard had carried him away from the doubtful The march of Richard had carried him away from the doubtful company of Lord Stanley, who, with the fate of his son, Lord Strange, still in the King's hands, moved slowly towards the battle-field as if still uncertain which side to join. When, after the first discharge of arrows and onset, the Yorkists were seen to be fighting doubtfully, and Northumberland with his whole division to be standing aloof, Stanley came in also on Richmond's right, and uniting with Oxford, who commanded the van, completely broke the King's army on that side. Norfolk was killed; Surrey, the future victor of Flodden, taken, and their troops dispersed. On the other wing, Richard had meanwhile made a desperate bid for

victory by his celebrated personal charge upon his rival, who was hovering on the outskirts of the field on the other side of Amyon novering on the outskirts of the field on the other side of Amyon Hill. The 'deformed figure, crooked back, and withered arm of Richard should be sufficiently disposed of by the history of this onslaught, in which his single arm well-nigh retrieved the day. Sir William Stanley came down with his redcoats in time to frustrate it, but late enough, as Bacon says, to give it a chance of success. Richard fell by an unknown hand among the Cheshire and Lancashire men. It is hard to conceive of a more fitting end for the last Plantagenet King. He

Dug his own grave with his red blade, And on the field he lost was laid, Abhorred, but not despised.

There was a touch of admiration for him even among those who hated him. In the ballad of "Bosworth Feilde" a knight advises the King to fly, and offers him a horse; but he replies:

Give me my battell axe in my hand, Sett the crouns of England on my head see hye, ffor by Him that shope both sea and land, King of England this day I will dye.

One floote will I never filee
Whilest the breath is my brest within!
As he said, see did itt bee;
iff hee lost his liffe, yet he was King.

Neither did he fall quite unregretted. The Corporation of York openly lamented that "King Richard late mercifully reigning over us has been piteously slain and murdered." Curiously enough they determined to apply for advice to Northumberland, who had betrayed him; while a rumour had reached York attributing treason to Norfolk, who had died with his master. The death of Richard ended the battle. There was no pursuit, except that Lord Stanley's men cut down some fugitives who attempted to escape past their right flank towards the main road; while Richmond, marching in the same direction, halted at Stoke Golding, to receive the battered crown of his predecessor.

The controversy over the character of Richard has died away. It is understood that treachery and murder, in an age of treason and violence, need little explanation, and may not be incompatible with the possession of some respectable qualities. What is specially interesting in Richard's case is to notice how he illustrates the permanence of family characteristics. He was a Plantagenet of the Plantagenets. He was descended in three lines from Edward III., through Lionel, Duke of Clarence; Edmund, Duke of York, and John of Gaunt, who was his mother's maternal grandfather. He was descended in three other lines from Henry III., through the wife of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and through his father's grandmother, Eleanor Holland. Among his other immediate ancestors were Mortimers, Percies, and Nevilles, none of them families remarkable for meekness or want of ambition; and four generations back he reached to Pedro the Cruel of Castile. Who may be fairly charged with the murders of revities, none of them families remarkable for meanless or want of ambition; and four generations back he reached to Pedro the Cruel of Castile, who may be fairly charged with the murders of his wife, his aunt, six of his half-brothers, and one of his mistresses, besides other crimes.

TEGNER.

WITH the single exception of Runeberg, who, though he wrote in the Swedish tongue, was a Russian subject, Tegnér alone among the many poets of Sweden has attained a European reputation. Triumphing over a disadvantage which has robbed the poets of Russia, Poland, and Hungary of half their glory—the necessity of writing in a language but little understood abroad—he ascended of writing in a language but little understood abroad—he ascended to fame early in the present century, with a rapidity which was surpassed by Byron alone, to enjoy a popularity well nigh as cosmopolitan as his. Esaias Tegnér, Bishop of Vexiö, was born a.b. 1782 in the province of Vermland, and descended from a long line of yeomen ancestors. His father was pastor of Millesvik, a village lying in the flat, treeless peninsula which projects southward into the broad expanse of the Wener lake. Few poetical associations surrounded the cradle of the future poet; the arable land of a corn-producing district, varied by detached rocks and patches of scrub, constituted the uninviting landscape. Nor were his early vocations better calculated to arouse poetic ardour; he was apprenticed to a tax-gatherer, who, however, noticing the his early vocations better calculated to arouse poetic ardour; he was apprenticed to a tax-gatherer, who, however, noticing the superior talent of the lad, generously bestowed on him a liberal education. Esaias was so assiduous in the pursuit of knowledge that in a short space of time he acquired the classical languages, together with the most useful of the modern. He learnt English from the translation of Ossian, and his works bear witness in places to this juvenile partiality. He graduated at the University of Lund, where, in 1812, he was appointed Professor of Greek. In the same year he received holy orders and was endowed with a pastorate. The next twelve years, which immediately preceded his election to the see of Vexiö, were devoted to the fulfilment of his duties at Lund, and formed the period of his greatest poetical activity. Subsequently, the poet period of his greatest poetical activity. Subsequently, the poet became merged to a great extent in the conscientious ecclesiastic. became merged to a great extent in the conscientious ecclesiastic. Another cause of diminished literary fertility was a mental disorder which afflicted him about this period. But he recovered, and his last years were tranquil. During the protracted illness which preceded death he was confined to his couch; but his mind was clear, and the perusal of his favourite authors, among whom were Ariosto and Scott, solaced his latter days. He expired at

midnight, during an extraordinary display of aurora borealis, on the

midnight, during an extraordinary display of aurora boreaus, on the 2nd of November, 1846.

The genius of Tegnér was not precocious. He was twenty-seven when his "Song for the Skaane Militia" procured him universal recognition; he was forty before his tirst narrative poem, Axel, was given to the world. The former is a dithyrambic effusion inspired by the Russian invasion of Finland in 4808. Skaane, the nearest province of Sweden to Denmark, who had joined the League of the Emperors concluded at Tilsit, was the point exposed to greatest danger. Three years later the poet's reputation was established by the publication of the patriotic ode, Seea, the ancient name for Sweden. The conquest of Finland had in the meantime caused a revolution which seated Charles XIII. on the Swedish throne in place of his nephew Gustavus IV., and in the meantime caused a revolution which seared charles AIII. on the Swedish throne in place of his nephew Gustavus IV., and the sonorous Alexandrines employed by the poet prove that he was likewise a courtier. After deploring in harrowing terms the wretched condition of his country, he thus proceeds:—

See, from perdition's brink where giddy thou wast placed, The courage of thy noblest lately hath released; With mild and generous heart and locks of silver hue, Charles still protects the ruins which he saved anew, Charles still protects the ruins which he saved and on.
The Victor stands hard by, whom all the world admires,
And Oscar, growing up, to Fingal's sword aspires.

Three generations of royalty are thus adroitly flattered. The Victor of course is Bernadotte, afterwards Charles XIV. The work was crowned by the Swedish Academy, and in the following year its author received the appointment at Lund which has been alluded to. Innumerable minor pieces flowed from Tegnér's pen during this portion of his career, when versification was evidently treated merely as a pastime. Among the most interesting are his odes in celebration of historical personages, written on the anniversary of their death or the performance of some notable public action. Such, for instance, is that dedicated some notable public action. Such, for instance, is that dedicated to Charles XII. on the centenary of his fall before the fortress of Fredriksten. The following extract, which is inscribed on the monument erected where the King was shot, may convey some idea of the condensed and vigorous style of the original:—

In victory and defeat,
O'er fortune towering high,
He never could retreat,
Could nothing else but die.

In deep contrast to the above is the ode dedicated to the other great national hero, Gustavus Adolphus, who divides the homage of Sweden with his half-frantic but heroic great-great-nephew. Beautiful, if somewhat extravagant, is the eulogium which it

For freedom, all that man possesses holy, For light and faith he fell; His camp was God Almighty's tabernacle, Where only cherubs dwell.

Passing from national heroes to foreign celebrities, Luther became in 1817 the subject of four noble stanzas commemorating the tercentenary of the Reformation. The first of these admits of a literal translation:—

In darkness sat the nations
And night lay upon earth,
Then came the great translator
Of God's forgotten word.
The Holy Bible's wonders
For all men he expounds,
And, loud as Heaven thunders,
His dauntless voice resounds.

The descent from Luther to Napoleon is great; yet it is a fact that Tegnér's imagination, like Byron's and Pushkin's, was powerfully excited by the colossal grandeur of the Corsican's public career. In 1831, when a proposition was made to transfer his remains from St. Helena to Paris for interment beneath the column in the Place Vendôme, the poet burst forth:—"Touch not his dust! Tis his glory which sweeps to the ends of the earth. Let his dust be still!" And in the following stanza he seeks to explain the secret glory which sw still!" And in of the conqueror's grandeur :-

This was his greatness; he would weld What ever must be separate all: The new ideas with those of eld, This was his greatness—and his fall.

Partiality to France is a trait characteristic of the Swedes, the result of long political connexion, and from this Tegnér was by result of long political connexion, and from this Tegnér was by no means exempt. We may look in vain, therefore, in his writings for any trace of sympathy with our own heroes of the revolutionary period. We find a by no means complimentary ode to Pitt and Nelson on the occasion of their death:—"Two comets, menacing and cruel, have disappeared from the firmament of Europe. The clouds which obscure the morning-star of peace grow thinner and more thin." Such is the text upon which he expatiates. For him Nelson is the "Tamerlane of the Sea," although culogized in glowing terms:—

In peace unnoticed, but in peril grand, Like Hecla, though destructive, cold as well, He crushed as Samson did, the hostile band, Although himself he fell.

Pitt figures as Milton's fallen angel, who defies the thunderbolts which crash around him; or, by a somewhat rapid transition, to Atlas, who supports a world of hate upon his Herculean shoulders. Both are extinct volcances, and Glio points at them with terror as a warning to all generous minds. Pitt, in conclusion, is exharted, if he can discover a peaceful nook in Tartarus, to disturb its repose; Nelson, to fight with Charon as he is being ferried across Styx! Scarcely more soothing to our national vanity is a metrical altercation between England and France. The following are selected specimens of international vitupera-

Lie there, destroyer, and eat all around like a cancer. Swallow up nations entire, yes, swallow and hunger for more.

FRANCE.

Hindoos with pearls and blood cannot purchase their Eden back from

Negroes are whipt to death, alas! but to sugar thy tea.

ENGLAND.

With the Channel I gird me round as Pluto by Styx is surrounded. Never a living soul returned across Styx again.

FRANCE.

Hercules came back again, and brought back Cerberus captive, The monater with two heads; but Hercules still is alive.

France, however, obtains the last word in the quarrel, which is brought to a close by a stinging invective, which is certain to cu* every true Briton to the heart:—

Lie like a hulk moored fast; but the archer of credit betrays thee, And the ruinous wreck shall drift before wind and 'fore wave.

It is now time to glance at the poet's longer and better-known productions. In 1820 appeared the Children of the Lord's Supper, which, as translated by Longfellow, is presumably familiar to the public. In 1822 came Axel, written in the style of Byron's tales, but with no trace of the idiosyncrasies of that poet; in fact, it wears the faithful impress of its author's native genus. The narrative itself is of a popular character. Men hate their enemies, but not their enemies' daughters; and the story of a campaigner who assails the hearts of the ladies in the heart of their country who assails the hearts of the ladies in the heart of their country usually commands popularity. Axel is a favourite officer of Charles XII.; Maria, the heroine, a subject of his rival, Peter the Great. The King sends Axel with a despatch from Bender to Stockholm; but he is waylaid and half-murdered by Cossacks in traversing Russia. Left for dead, he is rescued by Maria, who tends him till recovery, when he departs in fulfilment of his mission. She, however, falls into a love-sick state, and resolves to follow. Disguised in male attire, she joins a Russian expedition which crosses the Baltic and attacks the Swedish coast; receives a mortal stroke in the battle which ensues, and is finally discovered in a dying state by Axel himself, who is in and is finally discovered in a dying state by Axel himself, who is in command of the native forces. The poem, which is very beaucommand of the native forces. The poem, which is very beau-tiful, though its diction may perhaps seem too luxuriant, has been translated into English. The year 1825 saw the production in its complete form of the poet's masterpiece, the *Tale of Frithiof*, which has been so frequently rendered into English that a brief notice of has been so frequently rendered into English that a orier notice of the criticisms to which it seems most open is all that can be requisite here. It has been objected that this poem is less an epic than a collection of ballads, composed as it is of four-and-twenty short pieces—a defect, if such it be, which originated in its publication pieces—a defect, if such it be, which originated in its publication piecemeal in the detached numbers of a periodical. A more serious blemish may perhaps be detected in its anachronistic treatment; the poet has overlaid his theme, which is founded on the Icelandic saga of Fridthiof hinn Frækinn, or "the Bold," with a veneer of modern civilization which is quite out of place from a realistic point of view—the rugged viking of history has been pared down to a hero of modern romance. The climax of this ideal is reached in the final song, where a glimmer of Christian faith is represented as penetrating the still Pagan North. The high-priest of Balder thus addresses the repentant Frithiof:—

Men any a Balder dwelt far South a Virgin's son.

Men say, a Balder dwelt far South, a Virgin's son, Sent by the Father of all things to explain the runes Writ on the Father of all things to explain the runes Writ on the Fate's dark shield-edge, all unknown before; Peace was his battle-cry, and Love his shining sword, Pious he lived and taught, when dying he forgave, And under distant palms his grave in glory lies. They say his doctrine spreads from vale to vale, Makes soft the hardened heart, and joins the friendly hand, And builds the realm of peace on a regenerate carth.

Some day, I feel, 'twill come, and like a dove wave light Its snow-white wings above the mountains of the North.

The Crown Bride, written in 1841, may be regarded as the child of Tegnér's old age. He had then long been in tranquil occupation of the see of Vexiö, and this charming idyl reveals the picture of his patriarchal existence in the midst of his flock. A wedding is to be celebrated in state at Skatlöf. The bishop the picture of his patriarchal existence in the midst of his flock. A wedding is to be celebrated in state at Skatlöf. The bishop himself will be there, for he loves "customs from ancient times, and happiness blooming around him," and Skatlöf is specially dear to him ever since he consecrated its church. In the gloaming of the summer night which precedes the festival, the young people of the village dance around the maypole, the bishop's children among them, "Henry, bishop in spe, and Emma, and Disa, and Gerda." The bishop himself rises, according to wont, with the sun, and sitting in the balcony drinks in the air of heaven with his fragrant coffee. The bridegroom and his friends, all mounted, arrive with loud shouts and the discharge of firearms; next the bride with her blue eyes and brown hair, for Finnish blood runs in her veins, "and the Caucasian gold is blended with darkness from Finwood." On her head is the traditional silver-gilt crown studded with gems, "what if of polished glass, they flash like so many diamonds." Inside the church the bishop, "who loves to talk at times," pronounces a discourse on matrimony, its uses and obligations. At the conclusion of the ceremony the bishop salutes the bride on the forehead, for this "is lawful for bishops of Vexio." At the repast which follows he joins in the hilarity of the guests, and because

No particular friend of punch with the acid of lemon (Ale he cannot endure, though fond of the sparkling grape-juice), Drank of the wine he brought and talked to his left-hand neighbour.

He is not, however, so amiable to Corporal Frisk, who sits on his right, and who, having fought at Leipzig, wears, among other decorations, the Russian medal. The bishop sharply rebukes him for this, and utters the sentiment, quite indefensible in a clerical mouth, that a blood-feud separates Swede and Russ for ever. After the meal he proposes adjournment to the open, and the dance is held around the barrow of Harold Hildetand, the blind old King of Denmark, who fell fighting there with his rival Sigurd of Sweden. The bishop sees no harm in this; on the contrary, he

A dance upon graves is decorous and full of deep meaning; Life in its giddiest joy is oft to the sepulchre nearest; The sleepers down below by the whirl of the dance are not troubled.

The sleepers down below by the whirl of the dance are not troubled.

On the summit of the barrow-mound stands a mighty oak, so spacious as to admit of a table and seats being placed amid the branches. Here sits the bishop with choice companions, quaffing wine and ale and surveying the sports of the young people on the sward below. Towards midnight the customary mock fight for possession of the bride is waged, and terminates in the usual way. The married women at last break through the serried phalanx of bridesmaids; the bridegroom swoops like the wind through the gap, and carries off the bride in his sinewy arms. The bishop's carriage appears at this juncture; he enters, and vanishes at speed in a cloud of dust.

THE SILVER QUESTION AND INDIA.

JUST now, when the approach of Russia to the Afghan frontier has increased the embarrassments of Indian finance, the Indian Treasury is threatened with another and very serious difficulty. It would seem as if the Latin Union is about to difficulty. It would seem as if the Latin Union is about to break up, and at the same time as if the American Bland Act is to be repealed. If the Union breaks up and the Bland Act is repealed, it is safe to predict that the depreciation of silver will greatly increase, and that thus the embarrassments of the Indian Treasury will be augmented. As matters stand at present, our readers will probably recollect, the Latin Union Monetary Convention will expire at the end of the present year. In July a Conference of delegates of the several Governments concerned met in Paris, but they were unable to agree on any plan for prolonging the Union. When the Union was first formed, it was intended by the late Emperor Napoleon as only a step towards a closer and far more general union between the so-called Latin peoples. Consequently the Emperor Napoleon did not think it necessary to provide for the dissolution of the Union. But circumstances have so changed since the convention was first framed that the French Government now finds it advisable to make pronecessary to provide for the dissolution of the Union. But circumstances have so changed since the convention was first framed that the French Government now finds it advisable to make provision for the disruption of the Union. The convention provides that the several States forming the Union—which are France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece—shall have the same monetary system; and the system, it will be recollected, is what is called "bimetallic." The silver legal-tender coins, therefore, of the several countries circulate freely in the other countries of the Union; but, partly owing to the fact that France is richer and more populous than the other countries of the Union, and partly owing to the monetary policy of Belgium and Italy, little of the French silver coin has penetrated into the other countries, while large amounts of Belgian and Italian coin circulate in France. It is estimated by M. Cernuschi that about six millions sterling of Belgian five-franc pieces circulate in France at present, and about ten millions sterling of Italian, making the total foreign circulation of legal-tender five-franc pieces in France about sixteen millions sterling. Now the depreciation of silver at present is about twenty per cent. In other preciation of silver at present is about twenty per cent. In other words, the five-franc piece is really worth only about four francs; and, if the Union is broken up and silver comes to be generally demonetized, the five-franc piece would, of course, be worth no more than four francs, and probably would not be worth really as much. The French Government not unnaturally, therenearly so much. The French Government not unnaturally, therefore, proposed that, if the Union came to an end, the Belgian and Italian Governments should take back their five-franc pieces at their full nominal value. The Italian Government made no difficulties, but the Belgian Government obstinately resisted, and the result was that the Conference broke up without effecting anything. No conclusion was arrived at regarding the French proposal, and the Union itself was not prolonged. The delegates, however, decided that they should meet again in October. Unless they come together then in a more conciliatory mood, it would seem to follow that a dissolution of the Union is impending. It is hardly nossible, however, that the French Government will allow seem to follow that a dissolution of the Union is impending. It is hardly possible, however, that the French Government will allow the Union to break up at the end of the year upon such a point; for, after all, the Belgian Government has made an offer which would practically secure France against loss. It proposed, for example, that no measures should be taken for the demonetization of silver until sufficient time had been given to return the silver coin to the country of its origin. To take an instance. Suppose it were settled that no change in the monetary system of Belgium and Italy should be made for six months after the disruption of the Union, in that interval either the French Government itself or French private people could purchase in Belgium and Italy either goods or securities, and pay for them with the Belgian and Italian silver pieces circulating in France, which would still be full legal tender both in Belgium and Italy. It is probable, therefore, that a compromise somewhat on these lime will be arrived at; but it must not be lost sight of, at the same time, that, unless the compromise is arrived at in October, or unless France waives her proposal, the Latin Union comes to an end with the present year.

Hardly less serious is the silver difficulty in the United States.

Hardly less serious is the silver difficulty in the United States. Until the suspension of specie payments at the outbreak of the Civil War silver in the United States, as in France, was legal tender just as well as gold. When, however, specie payments were resumed six years ago, Congress at first declared only gold legal tender; but the owners of the great silver-mines in the Pacific States and Territories brought so much pressure to bear that subsequently an Act was passed to which Mr. Bland has given his name, by which the Secretary of the Treasury was required to coin not less than 400,000l. in silver every month nor more than 800,000l. The Secretary of the Treasury has coined only the minimum amount, and since the Act was passed, therefore, the United States mints have turned out 4,800,000l. in silver pieces annually. During the long suspension of specie payments, the American public had become so accustomed to paper that they regarded the silver dollar as cumbersome and inconvenient, and consequently refused to acceptit. Perhaps their objection on this ground regarded the silver dollar as cumbersome and inconvenient, and consequently refused to accept it. Perhaps their objection on this ground would have been overcome had it not been for the New York Associated Banks, which, like our own Bank of England, hold the ultimate banking reserve of the whole country. These banks entered into an agreement with one another that they would neither receive nor pay away standard silver; and practically this agreement has defeated the Bland Act. For awhile the Treasury seemed to overcome the dislike of the public and the opposition of the New York banks by accepting silver on deposit and issuing against it certificates which had the character of legal tender and circulated freely all over the Union. Of late, however, the silver certificates themselves have begun to flow in upon the Government in embarrassing abundance. The truth is that, in the present depression of trade, the currency of the United States is redundant. The of trade, the currency of the United States is redundant. The Treasury has gone on coining nearly five millions sterling of silver every year and a large amount of gold also, and in the meantime there has been no diminution either of the greenbacks or of the bank-notes. The circulation, therefore, is larger even than it was in the great inflation period that followed the resumption of specie payments, and, as a matter of course, the least valuable part of the currency is being forced back upon the Treasury. Silver certificates are received by the Government in payment of taxes, and consequently the great bulk of the revenue is coming in in the form of paper and of silver and silver certificates. But the United States Treasury is obliged to pay the interest upon its debt in gold, and also to redeem the capital in gold, and it is United States Treasury is obliged to pay the interest upon its debt in gold, and also to redeem the capital in gold, and it is likewise obliged to maintain a reserve for the encashment of its Treasury notes in gold. There is no Act of Congress deciding how much the greenback reserve should be, but hitherto it has been a settled principle that about a hundred millions of dollars, or twenty millions sterling, should be kept always in gold as a reserve against the greenback circulation. As, however, the revenue is coming in at present chiefly in the form of silver and paper, while the Government, as already stated, has to pay the interest upon its debt in gold, the Treasury finds itself embarrassed to keep up the greenback reserve. It would, in fact, have been unable to do so were it not that the Associated Banks of New York have arranged to give it four millions sterling of gold, in return for an equivalent amount of fractional silver. This is done avowedly only to help the Treasury until Congress meets in December, and it is probable that, if Congress then refuses to repeal the Bland Act, the New York banks will refuse further accommodation. In that case the Treasury would be obliged to draw upon its greenback reserve, and thus gold would practically disappear from circulation and silver become the only money of the United States. As, however, the public appears resolved to maintain gold, it is everywhere assumed as certain that when Congress meets in December the Bland Act will be repealed, and consequently that the five millions sterling of silver which are now coined annually will be sent to Europe and sold here for what can be obtained for them.

Assuming that the Bland Act is repealed, and that the silver

Bland Act will be repealed, and consequently that the five millions sterling of silver which are now coined annually will be sent to Europe and sold here for what can be obtained for them.

Assuming that the Bland Act is repealed, and that the silver which is now coined in the United States is sold in London, the price of silver must unquestionably fall. The mere fear that the Bland Act will be repealed, together with the depression in trade, has already caused a considerable fall during the current year; and, as soon as the Act really is repealed, it is almost certain that there will be a further fall. If, in addition, the Latin Union breaks up, the fall may become extremely serious. The Belgian Government appears to be anxious to bring the Latin Union to an end, so as to obtain freedom to demonetize silver, and adopt the single gold standard; the Swiss Government has for a considerable time leaned in the same direction, and the Italian Government when resuming specie payments did so in a form which indicated its intention at the earliest moment to adopt the single gold standard. If, then, the Latin Union breaks up, it will be because Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland desire to adopt the single gold standard. As yet France clings to bimetallism; but if the other nations of the Latin Union reject bimetallism, it is hardly probable that France will retain. A general demonetization of silver, however, would

th is pa m mean that the nations forming the Latin Union would have vast amounts of silver to sell, and as there is no buyer at present but India, it follows that the fall in the price of the metal must be very heavy. Hitherto the nations forming the Latin Union have shrunk from demonetizing silver, because of the enormous loss that would result to themselves, and it is possible that even now they may continue to shrink, and that some plan may be adopted for continuing the Union. Furthermore, the silver interest in the United States is extremely strong, and while at present all parties seem in favour of the repeal of the Bland Act, avowedly the silver interest consents only because it believes that the embarrassments of Europe would be so great that all the world would have to join in adopting bimetallism. At the last moment, however, the silver interest may become alarmed, and may succeed in preventing the early repeal of the Bland Act. So far as one can judge, however, the probability unquestionably is that the Bland Act will be repealed in the coming Session of Congress, and that, even if the Latin Union is prolonged, the prolongation will be for but a very few years. It would seem to follow, then, that a further depreciation of silver is extremely likely. But, as our readers are aware, the Indian Government has to pay about 17 millions sterling a year here in London; and, as the Indian Government raises its revenue in silver and has to pay its English obligations in gold, every fall in silver adds enormously to the cost of the transaction to the Indian Government. At the present moment a further fall in the price of silver of only a farthing in the rupee would mean a loss to the Indian Government of over 200,000. But the repeal of the Bland Act and the break-up of the Latin Union would certainly cause a fall of several farthings in the rupee, and therefore the danger is that the loss by exchange, as it is called, to the Indian Government will before long be increased by half a million, or it may be by a million, sterl mean that the nations forming the Latin Union would have vast creased by half a million, or it may be by a million, sterling per annum. At a time when the cost of the military preparations is adding largely to the difficulties of Indian finance, this is a very serious matter, which claims, and ought to receive, the most careful attention from all who are interested in the safety and welfare of our great Eastern dependency. Of course there are countervailing advantages. If a fall in silver adds to the embarrassments of the Indian Treasury, it increases the advantages, on the other hand, of the Indian exporter. The wheat-growers of India would not be able to compete with the wheat-growers of America, Russia, and Australia were it not for the depreciation of silver; and as and Australia were it not for the depreciation of silver; and as the depreciation of silver becomes more pronounced, the ability of the Indian wheat-growers to compete with their several rivals will be increased. Therefore, what the Indian taxpayers lose the Indian growers gain; and it is by no means certain that the advantage in the one case may not be greater than the disadvantage in the other. Still, the effect upon the finances must be serious, and demands the most careful consideration, not only from the Indian Government, but form the Indian Government, but form the Indian Constitution of the Indian Co Indian Government, but from the Home Government and from Parliament.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT ABERDEEN.

ON the 9th of September the British Association, after an interval of twenty-six years, will assemble in Aberdeen. During this period many changes have occurred both in the personnel of the Association and in the buildings of the city. At the meeting of 1859 the late Prince Consort was President. Among the Vice-Presidents occur the names of Herschel and Among the Vice-Presidents occur the names of Herschel and Brewster, of Murchison and Harcourt; these—indeed we believe all those who held this office—have passed away. But it is of the city that we now chiefly speak, which during the interval has greatly grown and prospered. Aberdeen is in one respect unique among British towns; it is a kind of Chinese twin. It is, of course, not rare to find an old town and a new; but sometimes the offshoot from the parent stock forms with it but a single town; sometimes the old has been deserted for the new, and some fragments of ruined walls alone remain to mark the ancient site. But at Aberdeen both the Old Town and the New still preserve a separate existence, still are practically disconnected; the bustle of the younger and more vigorous seaport contrasting strangely with the younger and more vigorous seaport contrasting strangely with the academic repose of Old Aberdeen.

academic repose of Old Aberdeen.

New Aberdeen—the town by the Dee—is that present to the minds of most persons when the name of Aberdeen is mentioned. Probably not a tithe of those who hear it are aware of the existence of Old Aberdeen—the town by the Don. The two rivers enter the sea about a couple of miles apart. The Old Town is on the lower ground near the right bank of the Don; the New Town is on the left bank of the Dee, and is built partly on a hilly plateau, partly on the level "links" by the embouchure of the river. It must not, however, be supposed that the title of New is applicable to mercantile Aberdeen in any but a relative sense. It is in reality a very ancient town, though less ancient than the city by the Don. Sorre antiquaries have asserted its identity with the Roman a very ancient town, though less ancient than the city by the Don. Some antiquaries have asserted its identity with the Roman Devana, but that is a subject of controversy. At any rate, it was a place of importance so far back as the days of William the Lion, for its earliest charter is dated in the year 1178. As is the case with other Scotch towns, its history is not one of commercial enterprise alone; its burghers have given and taken hard knocks in their times. They were harried by Edward I.; they witnessed, probably with some satisfaction, the forays of Wallace; they sallied forth and routed at Harlaw the marauding bands of Donald of the Isles, and their triumph was addened by the death of their Provost on the field of battle. They defied Montrose, and had to

pay dearly for their boldness; they suffered from both parties alike in the troublous times that followed the Reformation; they heard the Chevalier de St. George proclaimed king at their market-cross; and they witnessed the entry of the Duke of Cumberland on his northward march against Prince Charlie.

But though the scene of this and of many other stirring episodes of Scottish history, New Aberdeen contains comparatively few relics of antiquity; its buildings are commonly in harmony with its title. It also claims to be called the Granite City. The phrase has a promising ring, but it must be remembered that granite is not a tractable material. Thus even the public buildings are commonly severe in style—depth in sculpture and richness in grante is not a tractable material. Thus even the public buildings are commonly severe in style—depth in sculpture and richness in detail being only attainable at a cost which is practically prohibitive. The private houses, though substantial, are extremely plain. Moreover, the granite is grey, and this gives a chilly aspect to the streets. Aberdeen is a place which needs sunshine, and enhances the bitterness of an east wind.

The pride of Aberdeen is Union Street. This, notwithstanding the drawback just noticed, is undoubtedly a very fine street, being nearly a mile in length and of suitable breadth. On either side are the principal shops and many of the chief houses of business. In its course it is carried on an arch over the valley of the Den Burn, dividing the older from the newer part of the town. The ill-smelling brook which once flowed down this has now disappeared, and its place is occupied by the railway, less picturesque but more salubrious. The right bank, however, is laid out as a public garden, where flowers and shrubs afford a pleasant change from the dominant grey colour of the houses. Conspicuous in this neighbourhood is the double church which occupies the The pride of Aberdeen is Union Street. This, notwithstanding public garden, where flowers and shrubs afford a pleasant change from the dominant grey colour of the houses. Conspicuous in this neighbourhood is the double church which occupies the site of the ancient Cathedral of St. Nicholas. Unfortunately, the original building has been almost entirely swept away, and replaced by one of little heauty or interest. The west church was erected about the middle of the last century, and replaced the ancient nave; the east church was built in 1836, after a diseateur for which ret only detayed the add choic but also a disastrous fire, which not only destroyed the old choir, but also did some damage to the west church. The central spire—also modern—is the best feature of the whole. A kind of portico divides the churchyard from Union Street.

At the foot of the hill occupied by the Castle of Aberdeen, Union Street terminates in a kind of piazza, which bears the name of Castle Street. Around this are gathered many of the historic memories of the town. In the middle is a market-cross, the survivor of two which formerly stood in Castle Street. It historic memories of the town. In the middle is a market-cross, the survivor of two which formerly stood in Castle Street. It cannot, however, lay claim either to great antiquity or much architectural merit; for it replaced an older structure in the year 1686, and does not rise above the general level of the work of that period. Still the "High Cross" is inseparable from many episodes in the history of Aberdeen. Here many a time the burgesses held festival when a new king was crowned or an heir was born to the throne; then "wine was liberally drunken, confections cast among the people, glasses broken, and every kind of merriment kept up." By its side was enacted the dramatic scene when George Lesly was brought forth to lose his right hand for a breach of military discipline, and at the last moment was pardoned. Not far away, between the Cross and the Duke of Gordon's statue, is the spot where the gallows were erected on occasion, and in Castle Street took place the memorable fray between the Ross and Cromarty Rangers and the townsfolk, when the troops wantonly fired on the crowd, and their officers—so was justice administered in those days—escaped unpunished.

The new Municipal Buildings, which stand at the junction of Castle Street and Union Street, are the most marked among the many changes that have taken place in Aberdeen since 1859. The façade is effective, the chambers within are very handsome, and the lofty tower is an ornament to the city. They enclose an old and much lower tower, a portion of the ancient Town Hall, and many curious documents and other relics are preserved within their walls.

The headquarters of the British Association will be at Marischal

their walls.

The headquarters of the British Association will be at Marischal College, in King Street, a short distance from the Municipal Buildings. The approach to the former is unattractive, the small and crambling portal is unpromising, but within the court are modern and commodious buildings, erected in 1837. The College was founded by Lord Keith, Earl Marshal, and placed in a deserted Franciscan convent. Its buildings were used for collegiate purposes for above a century, when they were replaced by the edifice which preceded the present structure. The defiant motto of the founder, "They have staid—what say they—let them say," once placed over the door, will still be seen within the entrance.

The plain house in Broad Street, Byron's home in childhood, must not be forgotten, but more characteristic glimpses of the city in olden time may be found about Wallace nook. Still, little remains in New Aberdeen to interest the antiquarian. The Castle is comparatively modern, and the view from its hill the only attraction. Such old houses as are left are not important. The archæologist will find more to his liking in Old Aberdeen. Here reigns an academic calm; its narrow streets seem comparatively

reigns an academic calm; its narrow streets seem comparatively unchanged, and tell of past centuries more than of the present one. Much still remains, though modernized in part, of the build-ings erected by Bishop Elphinstone, the founder of King's College. This institution, after an independent life of more than three centuries, was united during the present one with Marischal College to form the University of Aberdeen. The low tower, with its crown of arches, and the chapel will well repay examination, although reforming hands roughly swept away the adornments which Hector Boece, its first Principal, lovingly enumerates. Pleasant is the situation of St. Machar's Cathedral, in its ample churchyard shaded with trees and bordered by houses and gardens,
which from their ancient use still bear the name of the Chanonry.
The present church is only the nave of the original Cathedral,
choir, transepts, and central tower have been swept away, and
a few fragments of wall alone remain to mark their site. The
building, it must be admitted, is more interesting than beautiful, and no part is older than the fifteenth century. Lastly,
"Balgownie's brig's black wall" must not be forgotten, and the
traveller if on horseback must look to the pedigree of himself and
his steed, for is it not written that "Wi' a wife's ae son and a mare's
ae foal down it shall fa'." Meantime it is architecturally interesting and socially respectable, for, like Bideford Bridge, it is possessed of property. The accumulations of this were sufficient to
build the fine new bridge lower down the stream.

Enough has been said to show that among things new and old—
docks and harbours, markets and houses of merchandise, mills and
granite-polishing works, on the one hand, and the scattered memorials of ancient days on the other—the members of the British
Association will find ample employment in the twin towns of
Aberdeen; while the neighbourhood offers a most attractive field
for excursions, as it is full of interest for the geologist, the antiquarian, and the lover of natural beauty.

WILHELMSDORF.

PAUPERISM is one of the evils which constantly suggest new remedies and methods of treatment. Almost every one who has studied the subject has formed some theory about it, even if he has not elaborated a complete scheme for the eradication of improvidence, vice, and misery. But few of these plans and speculations have ever been brought to the test of practice, and it is well for us that it has been so. A young man with warm feelings is so shocked by the sight of abject poverty, when he is once fairly confronted with it, and his youthful optimism is so strong, that he at once concludes that a great guilt must be the cause of so great an evil, and thus becomes a Socialist. It is only by long experience that he learns that pain and sorrow and deprivation are the result of natural causes, and that it is as vain to dream of putting an end to them as to hope to escape from disease and death. That is, if he is honest enough to learn the sad lesson at all. Otherwise the milk of human kindness is apt to turn sour, and then the moral education of the Anarchist is complete. During every period of his career such a man is firmly persuaded that he knows of a method which would infallibly remove the wretchedness it sickens him to contemplate; his eyes are fixed only on a certain number of symptoms, he forgets that his remedy might destroy the society, one of whose ailments it was intended to cure, and when it is rejected he appeals from reason to dynamite.

It is highly improbable that any course of treatment, however dynamite

It is highly improbable that any course of treatment, however patient or however heroic, will entirely do away with pauperism, though much has already been done to mitigate and reduce it. It now attracts more attention, and is studied in a calmer spirit, than ever before. The statistics of almost every civilized country supply the inquirer with information at once fuller and more trustworthy than any his predecessors could command. The experience of the clergymen and other philanthropists who have devoted their lives to the service of the poor is available for his purposes. The reports of hospitals, gaols, and workhouses all cast a certain light on the subject. In fact the mystery of poverty is now pretty clearly displayed. The practical measures taken to combat it have, however, hardly kept pace with this increase of knowledge. Our own Poor Law has been tried by severer tests, and on the whole it has worked better than any Continental system. Yet it can hardly be considered entirely adequate, nor has the Charity Organization Society, excellent as its work has been, succeeded in supplying all its defects. The reason of this difference between theory and practice is obvious. The results of private effort are for the most part too strongly influenced by individual character and other accidental circumstances for generalizations to be safely founded upon them, while It is highly improbable that any course of treatment, however strongly influenced by individual character and other accidental circumstances for generalizations to be safely founded upon them, while the matter itself has too vital an interest for society to permit of public experiments on a large scale. Under these circumstances any new plan that has been tried and is said to have succeeded is worthy of attention, and even Englishmen may find something to interest them in the agricultural colony of Wilhelmsdorf, though it is intended only to meet the needs of a single class, and it is obvious that no mere imitation of its arrangements would answer in our own country. In a late number we dwelt on the alarming increase of vaccancer in Germany, and endeavoured to point out a few of its country. In a late number we dwelt on the alarming increase of vagrancy in Germany, and endeavoured to point out a few of its causes. We then stated that great efforts were being made to meet the evil; the colony we have mentioned is the most original and one of the most important of these; but, before entering into a description of it, it will be best to give a short account of the system of relief which it is intended to supplement. German vagrancy, like almost every form of paquerism, has been fostered system of fener which it is intended to supplement. German vagrancy, like almost every form of pauperism, has been fostered by indiscriminate charity. It is more common in that country than in ours for the respectable handicraftsman to travel on foot from town to town; the old institution of the Wanderjahre used to lend a certain romance even to begging; and the idea of a wandering life seems to possess a fascination, half humorous and half pathetic, for the popular imagination. This latter feeling is so strong that we are told that in many districts peasants who seem utterly heartless in their dealings with their poorer neighbours are always liberal to the tramp who comes from a distance

bours are always liberal to the tramp who comes from a distance. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that the indolent should prefer travelling to working.

So clearly do the authorities perceive the root of the evil that in Saxony and, we believe, some parts of Bavaria a fine is imposed on every one who gives alms to a beggar; and, even where such drastic measures are not employed, every effort is made to dissuade the population from a practice which is at least as injurious as it is good-natured.

But no amount of teaching or jurious as it is good-natured. But no amount of teaching or threatening will prevent men and women from assisting those whom they believe to be in immediate danger of starvation. The vagabond may have been guilty of every crime and every vice imputed to his class, or he may only have been unfortunate—that is a question which cannot be at once decided—one fact is certain, he is hungry, and those who best know what hunger means are least able to rest his appeal. It is the German poor who support the German tramps. The only hope, therefore, of imposing a check on their thoughtless liberality lies in making such a provision for destitute travellers as will prevent them falling into the utmost misery, while at the same time it offers no attraction to those who are simply disinclined to work.

Various plans for doing this have been adopted in different parts

Various plans for doing this have been adopted in different parts of Germany. Those who are interested in the subject will find a clear account of the more important of them in an interesting pamphlet by Herr Huzel, the Oberamtmann of Blaubeuren, published by Herr Kohlhammer at Stuttgart. The details and variations would hardly interest the general reader, and we shall therefore confine curselves to giving a sketch of the system thought by Herr von Bodelschwingh to be the most perfect, that adopted in Herford. A committee of five members has there been formed, which sits under the presidency of the mayor, and is assisted by twenty handicraftsmen, citizens of the town, who have volunteered their services, and who make it their business to ascertain what employment is to be had. As soon as a destitute traveller arrives he is directed to the town-hall, and here he receives the name and address of one of the twenty who belongs to his own profession. address of one of the twenty who belongs to his own profession. If there is any employment to be had, he is sent to seek it; if there is none, he receives a ticket, which entitles him to dinner, or to supper, bed, and breakfast, as the case may be. These meals to supper, bed, and breakfast, as the case may be. These meals and lodgings are provided under the careful inspection of the committee in private houses, where no intoxicating drink is allowed to be sold. This system, we are told, has been found to work extremely well; it is understood by all classes, and has almost put an end to thoughtless almsgiving. If it were universally adopted, it would doubtless tend to discourage vagrancy, and, at the same time, greatly diminish the hardships of poor but industrious way-

Still, it is clear that arrangements like this, however excellent, leave a great part of the evil where they found it. In periods of general depression a workman may traverse whole provinces without finding any employment. In the meanwhile his tools and a part of his wardrobe have, in all probability, been sold or pawned; part of his wardrobe have, in all probability, been sold or pawned; at any rate, his appearance has become so ragged and disreputable that no master likes to engage him. It is to meet this difficulty, and to restore to respectable society the man who has either already become, or is in danger of becoming, a professional tramp, that the colony of Wilhelmsdorf has been founded. It is supported by voluntary subscriptions, by grants from the district and the province, and by the labour of the colonists. According to the original design it was to supply work to any one who asked for it; but the number of amplicants was so large that it has been it; but the number of applicants was so large that it has been found necessary to admit none but natives of the districts that contribute to its support. And yet the terms offered are by no means easy. For the first fourteen days the colonist receives nothing easy. For the first fourteen days the colonist about his board and lodging; during the next month he earns three-pence, and afterwards about fivepence, a day, but not a farthing of ready money is paid to him. On his admission he is supplied pence, and afterwards about fivepence, a day, but not a farthing of ready money is paid to him. On his admission he is supplied with such articles of clothing as he is in want of, and these have first of all to be paid for; when this has been done his earnings are employed in the purchase of the tools required in his trade, and afterwards, if he still continues to reside in the colony, they are invested in a savings bank for him. This, however, rarely happens, as it has hitherto been found easy to obtain employment for those who have behaved well in Wilhelmsdorf.

At present the accounts are always are always are always are always to propose the supplement in

At present the colonists are almost exclusively employed in cultivating the estate that has been purchased. It was necessary to find an employment suited for all, that could easily be learned, and in which the labour even of the uninstructed soon became remunerative, and agriculture was considered the best. It is intended, however, by degrees to make provision for the exercise of the simpler trades—such as baking, shoemaking, and tailoring—by which of course a considerable saving might be effected. Yet even now, though it is not self-supporting, the colony has proved a financial success, as it has put almost a complete stop to indiscriminate almsgiving and the vagrancy which is the natural result in the districts by which it is supported. At the same time its direct moral effect has been great. The latest full report that has reached us refers to 1882; but this it reports that has in the districts by which it is supported. At the same time its direct moral effect has been great. The latest full report that has reached us refers to 1882; by this it seems that, from the 17th of August to the 1st of December of that year, 417 colonists were admitted, 90 per cent. of whom had the dress and appearance of beggars, while 239 had again left. Work had been found for 207 of the latter by the committee in charge of the colony, 20 went to seek it for themselves, and 10 stole away secretly, leaving a part of the price of their clothes unpaid. Later accounts, though less detailed, are at least as encouraging, and there is talk of founding similar institutions in various parts of Germany. The fact that a great part of this success is due to the personal efforts of Herr von Bodelschwingh lends a peculiar interest to his opinions on the matter. We regret that we can give no more than a short summary of them. The only way to reclaim a vagabond is, he thinks, to provide him with a temporary home in which he is completely separated from his old associates. He must at once be provided with decent clothing and taught cleanly habits, in order that his self-respect may be restored, and he must be made to feel from the very first that the work and food offered him are a free gift. The colonies should therefore remain under the direction of private societies, and must, at least in great part, be supported by voluntary contributions. If they were to be managed either by the State or the local authorities, the inmates would look upon the benefits they confer as things they had a right to claim, while outsiders would regard them as workhouses or penal settlements, to which it is a disgrace to belong, and thus their whole moral influence would be destroyed. For the same reason the greatest freedom compatible with order should be permitted; no one who desires to leave should be detained, and a dismissal should be looked upon as the most severe of punishments. Farm work is the best suited for the purpose, not only for the reasons already given, but because moderate labour in the open air, with a sufficiency of wholesome though plain food, tends to raise both the physical and the moral condition of those who have suffered in body as well as mind from a long period of vagrancy. It should be superintended by men of education, who have a thorough knowphysical and the moral condition of those who have believed by the superintended by men of education, who have a thorough knowledge of the business, and who undertake the office as an act of the superior practical knowledge of such directors ledge of the business, and who undertake the office as an act of benevolence. The superior practical knowledge of such directors has been found to increase their influence over those intrusted to them, and our author seems to think that a sufficient number of such men might be supplied by the religious brotherhoods of Germany. Finally, every care should be taken to render the home life of the colonists as pleasant as possible. But all this, Herr von Bodelschwingh insists, will be in vain, unless a full provision be made for the religious instruction of the inmates, which must be intrusted to the clergy of their different Churches.

Such, in rough outline, is the system adouted in Wilhelmsdorf.

Such, in rough outline, is the system adopted in Wilhelmsdorf.
Whether the success it has hitherto achieved is due solely to the personal influence of those who have shown so much energy, tact, and self-devotion in carrying it out, or whether it will prove an equally powerful instrument in other hands and other places is a question time alone can decide. At present it must at least be regarded as an interesting social experiment.

ON 'CHANGE.

NOT a few examples of the commodity known as farcical comedy come to us from Germany by the circuitous route of the United States. The most recent of these is an adaptation of Herr von Moser's Ultimo, entitled On 'Change, produced on Saturday at Toole's Theatre, having been not long since presented at the Strand at a matinée. On 'Change bears a strong family likeness to its compeers, Our Regiment and The Private Secretary, which also enjoyed a Transatlantic distinction previous to satisfying the very pressing necessity for laughter. It is so well recognized that the means for laughter must be provided to divert the public from the sad fields of politics, that when the play provokes it the grateful audience will not critically inspect the the public from the sad fields of politics, that when the play provokes it the grateful audience will not critically inspect the sources of their delight. In this the wisdom of the public is evident, though there is enough in On 'Change to urge the critic to ask, in the language of Keats, "Why did I laugh to-night?" The reply cannot be much more satisfactory than the poet's "No tongue can tell." This is a sad thing to acknowledge of the reasonableness of comedy, farcical or not. It cannot be said even of The Private Secretary, and emphatically not of The Magistrate or The Great Pink Pearl. In a greater degree than in Our Regiment and The Private Secretary is On 'Change of loose and feeble fabric. It is, indeed, innocent of constructive skill, and is almost without the semblance of a plot. Like other works of the author, it is not without incentives to romping, and these certain almost without the semblance of a plot. Like other works of the author, it is not without incentives to romping, and these certain of the actors developed into the farcical athletics which experience proves do excellent duty for humour. As hitherto with Herr von Moser, there is but one example of characterization; the "womankind" of the play are absolutely colourless, and the rest are mere puppetry and padding. Miss Eweretta Lawrence, charged with the arrangement of the play, is, of course, not to be charged with the responsibility of Herr von Moser's clumsy work; it would be well, however, if the piece were pruned into shape without loss of time.

time.

It is pleasant to turn to the representation, if it were only for the clever impersonation by Mr. Felix Morris of the principal, and indeed only, character, Professor Seneca Peckering Peck. The Professor is a Scottish savant, who, after a passionate altercation with his friend James Burnett, a wealthy broker, rashly undertakes to make a fortune on the Stock Exchange with the sum of ten thousand pounds advanced by Burnett for the experiment. The Professor, who is as innocent of the ways of Capel Court as a babe, finds himself in the most whimsical predicaments. On the recommendation of Burnett's clerk, Jenkins, he plunges heavily in "Brighton A," and when told to sell "Grand Trunks" conceives he can only do so by first buying. This unsophisticated gambling lands him, as he imagines, in complete ruin; until his triumphant friend reveals the secret of his collusion with Jenkins, and the Professor learns the falsity of his assertion that his

stupendous intellect is equal to making a million on the Stock Exchange. It is clear that this conception, admirable though it be, cannot stand in isolated majesty apart from the general action, or form the sole basis of a comedy. Yet it is the only discernible motif of On 'Change. The operations of the Professor proceed with very slight influences on the action of the other characters, and two love episodes of the tamest and most perfunctory nature mildly revolve about the planetary Professor. They awaken no sort of interest whatever, and, together with the desultory proceedings of the remaining characters, might drag their slow length along with no prospect of ending, if the Professor did not exhaust his loan. Mr. Felix Morris gave a humorous and consistent portrait of the warm-tempered Professor, and Mr. Yorke Stevens may be commended for a spirited rendering of Joseph Johnston, the admirer of Iris Burnett. Mr. William Farren, as James Burnett, did all that is expected of so skilful and experienced a comedian, with results that the author cannot always hope for and his play does not deserve. Mias Eweretta Lawrence played in a pretty and winsome style as Iris Burnett, and the Professor's daughter, a very shadowy personage, was pleasantly suggested by Miss Rosini Filippi. For the rest there only remains to note Mr. Gerald winsome style as Iris Duriett, and the Professor's daugnter, a very shadowy personage, was pleasantly suggested by Miss Rosini Filippi. For the rest there only remains to note Mr. Gerald Moore's performance as a fop, which is simply a repetition on a smaller scale of his part in *Our Regiment*. This sort of iteration merits the criticism which Falstaff applied to Prince Hal.

ICARIA.

A COMPLETE history of American Communism has yet to be written. That of course is a proposition to which an American Communist himself would assent. The point at which he would probably part company with the Individualist is on the question whether the time has yet arrived for writing such a history. For he can hardly deny that so far the narrative would be one of melancholy failure; and unless, therefore, his belief in his own principles has been seriously shaken, he is bound to hold that the historian who would avoid giving a false impression of the prospects of the movement must for the present hold his hand. To the unconverted world, however, the data already accumulated seem pretty plainly sufficient to justify the conclusion that the whole story might now be told without much risk of error—or, at any rate, of such error as historians are bound conclusion that the whole story might now be told without much risk of error—or, at any rate, of such error as historians are bound to take into account. Of course if a catastrophic change in human nature were to take place within the next fifty or a hundred years—if a sort of "soul-quake," so to speak, were suddenly to transform the geography of the mental and moral world, splitting up solid continents of habit into archipelagos of isolated impulse, submerging whole ranges of dominant desire, and upheaving new ones from the spiritual deep—why, then, to be sure, we know not what might happen. Given a new heaven and a new earth thus miraculously created, Individualism might disappear before we had time to bid it farewell, and the human race would take to Communism as the duckling takes to the water. But no historian, as we have said, is bound to reckon with an offichance of this sort. He is entitled to assume that human nature—which, if he is not the dupe of his own dreams or somebody else's words, he must perceive to have altered but infinitesimally since the earliest record of man's thoughts and deeds—will remain much what it is now, at any rate for the next thousand years or so; and on that assumption he may justly regard the history of Communism as fit to be written at this moment. The fact that a munism as fit to be written at this moment. The fact that a revised edition of such a history may possibly, though by no means probably, be required in A.D. 2900 need hardly deter him from setting to work if he is otherwise so minded. A work which only secular changes can throw out of date may be begun and completed with a good heart.

It would, of course, be open to a European Communist to take exception to the above remarks on the ground that they treat the history of American Communism as identical with the history of Communism at large. And so, of course, they do: but only in

exception to the above remarks on the ground that they treat the history of American Communism as identical with the history of Communism at large. And so, of course, they do; but only in the same sense as that in which a logician treats the à fortiori proof of a proposition as "identical" with the proof of the smaller proposition contained in it. If human nature, he may fairly argue, has refused to fit itself into the Communistic mould in America, we need not be at the pains to contend that it will be equally rebellious in Europe. In America the experiment has been tried under every kind of most favourable conditions, both local and personal. Soil and surroundings, atmosphere and traditions, external blessings of physical climate and internal advantages of moral temperature, have all at various occasions, and in some instances have all at once, contributed to the fair prospects of these communities. But with certain exceptions—exceptions of so peculiar a character as to remove the cases in which they have occurred from the category of true Communistic experiments—their record has been pathetically uniform. Their end has been either in dissilience or in dissolution. Internal bickerings have split them into fragments, or the solvents of disenchantment and weariness have gradually melted them away. The exceptions are to be found among those organizations whose Socialism, as Mr. Shaw puts it in his interesting but melancholy little history of the settlement founded by Etienne Cabet, "is incidental to their religious creeds." Communities like these believe themselves honoured with special and direct Divine revelations, which furnish them with governments of a theocratic character. They do not justify their Socialism by any kind of philosophy of society, but simply refer the inquirer to a

mandate received through a prophet or a prophetess. The experiences of such societies can afford, as Mr. Shaw very truly remarks, but "little material to aid in the discussion of national democratic Communism or Socialism." In the same State, for example, in which Cabet's colony of Icaria has finally taken up its abode is to be found a German Communistic body, the Amana Inspirationists; and while Icaria, with its handful of members, has been struggling in poverty and discension for very existence, Amana has numbered its many hundreds of people, has accumulated great wealth, and has lived in peace and harmony. "And yet for all that," urges Mr. Shaw, "the history of Icaria is as superior to that of Amana for the student of social science as the history of Greece is superior to that of China for the student of political science." This comparison, however, does but imperfect justice, it may be thought, to the phenomena which it is employed to illustrate. Little as there is in common between Greece and China, their respective polities alike ultimately repose upon at least some basis of temporal advantage; whereas it may be part of the creed of a purely theocratic community that the utmost ill success of the particular form of social organization which it has adopted is merely a divinely-ordained incident of its earthly career. That the Amana Inspirationists have lived and thriven might only prove that perseverance in a thoroughly disappointing attempt at Communistic living is enjoined by the Inspirationist's inspiration; while that Icaria still supports a feeble life as one of the few non-religious Socialist communities in existence is, at least, evidence that, however disappointing the attempt at Communistic living may be in her case, she still retains enough of her original outfit of hope to prevent her collective soul and body from parting company.

We fear, however, that a severely accurate critic of her history

few non-religious Socialist communities in existence is, at least, evidence that, however disappointing the attempt at Communistic living may be in her case, she still retains enough of her original outlit of hope to prevent her collective soul and body from parting company.

We fear, however, that a severely accurate critic of her history might contend that the esparation has already taken place, and that the community mow living in California under the name of Icaria-Speanza has no real moral identity with the colony planted in Texas under Cabet's auspices in 1848. A community may contain members of the original body, and maintain more or less the same rule of life; but is this alone sufficient to justify the claim to social continuity? It seems to us more than doubtful; and we should, at any rate, contend that, for the purposes of moral "prescription," so to speak, a community which has been broken up and reconstructed has no right to reckon the duration of its life, at least for the purposes of any argument founded on that duration, from any earlier period than that of its last reconstruction. Still more obvious does this appear when every successive convulsion of such a community has led to an outbreak of fresh nomenclature, until it is extremely difficult to determine which of the new bodies brought into existence by this fissiparous process can claim to be the real representative of the parent organism. This is a difficulty which certainly presents itself in the case of the subject of Mr. Shaw's memori. Since the pioneers of Cabet's enterprise—the unfortunate young French tailors and shoemakers who set to work to break the virgin soil of Texas with ploughs of which even a skilled European farmer would not have understood the proper use—returned, a dispiried remnant, to New Orleans to join their newly-arrived leader in the spring of 1849, no fewer than three Icarias have at various times come into existence. There is, or rather was, the "Icaria" formed at Cheltenham, St. Louis, by a secession from an earl

surrounding the house for a flower-garden, or for cultivation in any other way that seemed good to the occupants of the house in their hours of leisure. The settlers found genuine satisfaction in their bits of ground; and "here a vine, there an apple-tree, a tobacco-plant, or a fragrant bunch of garlie was added to the original flower-beds." At last, however, it seems to have dawned upon the community, about the time when the first half-dozen of new and more commodious houses were built, that the gardens were introducing a dangerous element of individualism and inequality; and it was arranged that whenever a family should quit its log-hut for a better dwelling the wicked garden should be given up and no new one should be made. In the fatal year 1877, however, there were still three citizens who stuck to their log-huts, probably for the sake of the gardens and for the immoral zest of proprietorship which was to be got from them. To the party of "Jeune Icarie" then rising into influence this was a scandal and an abomination, nor did the old party really approve of the conduct of the three selfish citizens in "sticking to their holdings." In the autumn of 1877 there was to be a sale of grapes, and a member of the young party proposed that, instead of gathering the fruit in the community's vineyard, there should be a confiscation of the grapes in the three little gardens. "The proposition," remarks Mr. Shaw, "was certainly in keeping with Icarian principles; but the person who made it and the manner of making it were so offensive to the old party that they voted solidly against it." This precipitated the final rupture, and the difference between the two parties having proved irreconcilable, the "young Icarians" appealed to the Iowa law courts to revoke their charter of incorporation, and, in fact, to "wind up" the community, which, in the eye of the law, was merely a joint-stock company formed under the designation of an "agricultural society," and in which each member was nominally the proprietor of a share of the private property in grapes. The dispute is to in little the essential characteristic of every been fatal to experiments in Communism.

BOAR-HUNTING WITH SPEARS IN MOROCCO.

MANY Englishmen, we venture to say, believe that the noble sport which they cherish under the name of "pig-sticking" cannot be met with out of India. But they could be convinced of their error by any officer of the Gibraltar garrison who has camped with Sir John Drummond Hay in Morocco. It is with the object of describing a day's sport enjoyed under the same auspices that we take up our grateful pen. Sir John Hay, H.B.M. Minister at Tangier, has, even in the Gladstonian era, kept alive among the Moors their traditional love of everything English. His diplomatic lot has been cast among a race which, like the English, loves sport for its own sake. In Morocco, as in Great Britain, peasants and small farmers will come for miles to see and show sport, and that without fee or reward in money. We wish that we could believe that boar-hunting with spears will survive Britain, peasants and small farmers will come for miles to see and show sport, and that without fee or reward in money. We wish that we could believe that boar-hunting with spears will survive Sir John Hay's approaching retirement from active work. But we fear that when his strong hand is withdrawn, the present consensus of the foreign Legations in favour of spearing as the one legitimate sport within a certain area will lapse, and that the lovers of pot-shots (who already grumble) will have their wicked

legamate sport within a Cartan and was a part legamate lovers of pot-shots (who already grumble) will have their wicked way.

Some twenty years ago the stock of wild-boar in the hunting-grounds most easily reached from Tangier had run very low. Comparative plenty was ushered in by a romantic incident. An old boar, with thoughts probably akin to those of Abd-el-Kader after the capture of his harem by the French, was ranging near a lake in the Awara district, some twenty milessouth-west of Tangier. He espied a herd of tame pigs feeding under the charge of a Spaniard, and had little difficulty in inducing two eligible sows to escape with him into the nearest thicket. Fruitless efforts were made by the Spaniard to recover the sows and the numerous progeny which appeared in course of time. The crops of the neighbouring villagers began to suffer severely, and the Spaniard offered a reward for the sows dead or alive. Sir John Hay then intervened and paid him a handsome price for the whole of the two families. Their descendants now people the Awara country, and have the reputation of being fiercer and affording better runs than their thoroughbred predecessors. It is said that the taint in their blood is attested by the fact that the most savage of them will squeak when speared.

In February of the present year one of Sir John Hay's periodical boar-hunting camps was pitched on the Hafer hill, within the Awara district already mentioned, and lying due south of Cape Spartel. The hill is surrounded by a millah, or salt-water mudplain formed by the overflowing at high tides of the Tahadert

River, which joins the Atlantic further south. To the north is a long low ridge, called Sharf-el-Akasb, or the Ridge of the Fox, famous in boar-hunting annals. A more beautiful hunting-ground could hardly be conceived. Covered in every direction with large bushes of white-starred gum-cistus, palmito, and lentiscus, and dotted with clumps of cork and cypress-trees, it slopes westward to the straight shore upon which the Atlantic breaks tremendously in half a dozen tiers of foam. Blue sky and cool sweet air complete the tale of that which man can fairly ask for. A day in which all the perfections of the place and climate seemed to have met followed upon a week of heavy rain, and was thus doubly welcome. By nine o'clock the Hafer hill was alive with men and horses, a large contingent having arrived from Tangier and the neighbouring villages. Prominent among the company was the notorious Sherif of Wazan, mounted on a fine grey horse, and surrounded by picturesque and miscellaneous Tangier and the neighbouring villages. Prominent among the company was the notorious Sherif of Wazan, mounted on a fine grey horse, and surrounded by picturesque and miscellaneous minions. The Moors on foot, with their motley costumes, their spears, sticks, and guns, and their varied assortment of dogs, added an element of savagery, tempered by the good humour in their faces. The leader gave the signal to advance, and the assembly fell into a long line facing southwards, with the Atlantic a mile and a half to the right hand. In this order the broad top of the Hafer hill was traversed for some time, the Moors on foot acting vigorously as beaters. But no boar was found, and when the cavalcade came abreast of a long wood which fringed the far side of the millah or mud-plain below the seaward slope of the hill, a new formation was made. Some eight or ten mounted hunters, with many more on foot, were ordered to descend the slope, and, after crossing the mud-plain, to hide in the skirts of the wood facing towards the hill. They crossed accordingly, and the riders backed their horses into the covert, the Moors on foot, with their dogs, crouching down in the intervals. Meanwhile the beaters on the Hafer hill were labouring to drive the boar down hill and across the mud-plain towards the party in ambush. Shots were fired, horns blown, and yells raised, groups rapidly formed and separated, and presently the watchers in the wood witnessed a rapid gallop uphill, which ended in a first "kill" out of sight. The excitement of the ambushed party now grew intense, as they felt that fate owed them the next turn of luck. Men and animals were equally impatient. Door whined low with the index of the surface presently the watchers in the wood witnessed a rapid gallop uphill, which ended in a first "kill" out of sight. The excitement of the ambushed party now grew intense, as they felt that fate owed them the next turn of luck. Men and animals were equally impatient. Dogs whined low, with strained muzzles, and were reproved with a sharp "Uskut!" in sound, as in sense, strangely akin to the British "Shut up!" Horses danced with eagerness, and could hardly be kept in cover. At last patience had its reward. A large boar emerged from the opposite skirt of the Hafer hill, and trotted steadily across the mud-plain towards the hidden enemy. When he had come far enough to show that he meant business, the dogs were loosed, and the mounted spearmen scurried after them as fast as the heavy wet ground would permit. The boar gave a contemptuous "hands-off" reception to the dogs, but upon the arrival of the spearmen he turned, and regained the thicket whence he had come. The riders plunged after him, hither and thither through the covert, according as their own eyes or the tongues of the dogs gave evidence of his presence. Anon the boar suddenly reappeared, and charged straight at a certain gallant Major, who struck him so hard as to be unable to withdraw the spear. The wounded beast then made northwards along the slope of the hill, and was in five minutes more caught up and killed within a few yards from the edge of the mud. A portion of the "first spear" was afterwards recovered. Number two! After a brief pause the spearmen and hunters who had followed the boar across the mudplain were ordered back into hiding. The beating on the hill was resumed, and presently a boar of unusual size broke covert not far from his predecessor's place of death, and headed straight across the mud. The ambushed party galloped wildly towards him. resumed, and presently a boar of unusual size broke covert not far from his predecessor's place of death, and headed straight across the mud. The ambushed party galloped wildly towards him, preceded as before by the dogs. The boar stopped to think, and then swerved so sharply to the right as to throw out all the riders. When surrounded a minute later he met the whole rout of men and beasts with the utmost gallantry, facing each way in turn. He received a dozen thrusts without flinching. rout of men and beasts with the utmost gallantry, facing each way in turn. He received a dozen thrusts without flinching, and died game to the last; his few dying squeaks being, as we have premised, marks of descent, and not of fear. When the "great man large in death, lying mightily low," had been sufficiently admired, the hunters regained their previous stations, and a fourth boar was eventually killed on the mud-plain. Lunch now intervened, and the slopes of the Hafer hill were soon covered with stamping and hard-breathing horses, held by Moors who excitedly retailed the incidents of the four "kills." In their midst stood an old chief-hunter, engaged in putting up to the engagement. citedly retailed the incidents of the four "kills." In their midst stood an old chief-hunter, engaged in putting up to the customary fictitious auction the spears of those who had been fortunate enough to strike a boar, and who were now ready enough to redeem their weapons for a small ransom and become "free of the hunt" for ever. After lunch new ground was taken, nearer the Awara camp. A detachment was again sent seaward across the millah, which here narrows rapidly towards the north, and ends in thick scrub close to the sea-shore. Much of the surrounding ground is flooded to the death of two feet. The eastern or millah, which here narrows rapidly towards the north, and ends in thick scrub close to the sea-shore. Much of the surrounding ground is flooded to the depth of two feet. The eastern, or landward, division of the hunters were extended in line, with the object of keeping any boar that might be started away from the thick low ground and driving them uphill. A boar was presently found close to the sea-shore, and the two bodies of riders at once united in pursuit. He gave the longest and best run of the day, though the tangle of large thick bushes made straight riding extremely difficult. At last the boar, after receiving one thrust and inflicting dangerous "rips" on half a dozen dogs, took shelter in a dense shebennya or cypress thicket. An hour's hard work was devoted to an attempt to drive him

out again; the riders posted round his lair having full leisure to chew the cud of the Horatian line—

Latitantem fruticeto excipere aprum.

But neither dogs, nor shots, nor hornblowings, nor the attack of three spearmen, who entered the thicket on foot, could move the bear. The day was now waning, and Sir John Hay, honourably acknowledging himself baffled by his gallant foe, withdrew his forces to the Awara camp. A party returned the next day to look for the wounded boar, but it was found that he had moved away.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

THE Birmingham Festival Committee are not likely to lose their reputation for enterprise. In 1846 they gave us Elijah for the first time and under the composer's own direction, and their present efforts are in nowise unworthy their past. They have always done their best to introduce the public to the most conspicuous and deserving among contemporary musicians, and this excellent custom has now become an essential part of their theory of management. Some of this year's novelties are of uncommon merit, and the choice of them is even over-abundant. Foremost among religious works comes the Mors et Vita of M. Gouned. Even though his Redemption has steadily gained ground since its production at the Festival of 1882, this new work of his, so much more varied, melodious, and spontaneous, is likely to be easily first in the race for public favour. Then we have Mr. Villiers Stanford's prolonged and scholarly Oratorio, The Three Holy Children; with Dr. Bridge's setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin translation of the Rock of Ages, which, while narrower in aim and less varied with pleasurable melodies, is even more austerely religious in character, and presents a broad and massive homogeneity of structure. In a lighter vein are three new Cantatas, all dealing more or less with art-magic and supernatural romances. There are M. Dvorák's weird and fantastic Spectre's Bride, which abounds in description; Mr. Cowen's most graceful and melodious Sleeping Beauty, which is genuine drama; and Mr. Anderton's Yule Tide, which, though somewhat commonplace, is broad and even, and partakes of the nature of narrative rather than drama or description. Mr. Prout's Symphony, and Mr. Mackenzie's Violin Concerto, both long orchestral works of considerable pretensions, complete the list of notable novelties. As one may see, here is variety enough and music enough for anybody. And the Committee have been no whit less happy in their choice of a conductor. Questions of taste are necessarily matters of dispute; but frequenters of Herr Richter's concert

Mendelssohn's masterpiece is so well known that its performance has in a manner become stereotyped; but its rendering on Tuesday produced a profound impression. Probably since the composer himself conducted it few people have heard it so clearly and intelligently given. The working up of the crescendo in the overture was earnest of an unusual refinement in the management of the orchestra; and this was at once fulfilled by the conductor's treatment of the early choruses. A Mendelssohn chorus is too often allowed to thump along with a heavy, lumping, even gait; but on Tuesday just gradations of force and the due prominence of the right element in each place added clearness, resonance, and delicacy to the grandeur of these ponderous arrangements of sounds. Though the brilliance and refinement of the instrumental accompaniment was very noticeable from the commencement—and especially in "Blessed are the men"—it was not till the long scene with the priests of Baal that the performance of Herr Richter's orchestra was distinguished by a like combination of vigour and clearness with that of his choir. Surveying the whole work, however, it would be difficult to say whether "Thanks be to God" or "Onward came the Lord" gained most in grace and power from Herr Richter's refined and masterly interpretation, with its elegance and fine artistic reserve. The voice parts were entrusted to soloists whose sympathy and acquaintance with their task are of long standing. Mr. Santley, who bore his tremendous burden as none other can, was heard perhaps to best advantage in "Lord God of Abraham," which he sang with all his old vigour and pathos and all his old incomparable style. Mr. Lloyd shone brightest in "If with all your hearts"; his rendering of "Then shall the righteous" was much less spirited and thrilling. Mme. Trebelli gave "Woe unto them" with her wonted fineness of phrasing and in her richest, most imposing tones. Mme. Patey surpassed herself in "O rest in the Lord," and Mme. Albani sang "Hear ye, Israel" with true fervour a

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The first part of Tuesday evening's concert was devoted to Mr. Cowen's new Cantata, The Sleeping Beauty. The libretto is the work of that eminent authority on the capacities and refinements of English, the poet of Colomba. Its effect is less humorous, perhaps, than the effect of that famous work; but it reveals its author in every line, and throughout is touched with the true Westphalian inspiration. It consists of a Prologue and three "Scenes." The Prologue deals with the birth of the Princess, the visit of Good Fays to her cradle, and the sudden entrance of Wicked Fairy, who prophesies that an evil fate shall befull her ere she reaches her twentieth year. The first "Scene" describes the rejoicings of the Court for her supposed escape from the curse; the second shows her stricken with enchantment that very night; while in the third she is agreeably awakened to love and life by the Prince's kiss. The Prologue, which contains some of the best music of all, exposes many themes, or leit-motiven, which reappear later on. The chorus of Good Fays is extremely delicate and fanciful; singing passages with long held notes are brought into exquisite contrast with light and rapid staccato flights of words, the whole being sustained by an accompaniment of singular grace and variety, which is written chiefly for violins, horns, and flutes, with occasional touches of harp and triangle. Suddenly the orchestration becomes wild and threatening; and a chorus of bass and tenor voices describes the terrifying entrance of the Wicked Fay. The curse, which is one of the most striking and dramatic pages of the whole Cantata, was superbly declaimed by Mme. Trobelli, who delivered the final phrase, "Thou shalt die," in the most thrilling tones of her rich and penetrating voice. Mr. Cowen has succeeded best in the sombre and menacing music of the Wicked Fay. Other parts of his work abound in quaint and graceful me

graceful melody, treated with great ingenuity; but herein it is that he attains to real dignity of sentiment and to real dramatic truth and intensity of expression. The tenor song, "Thus the budding rose," exquisitely rendered by Mr. Lloyd, and the incantation of the Wicked Fay, "Spring from the earth, red roses," besides beauty and appropriateness, have the right lilt of genuine, spontaneously-conceived melody. The part of the Princess was sung, and very successfully, by Mrs. Hutchinson, who, especially clear and ringing in her upper notes, found many passionate accents in rendering the Princess's declaration of love, the charming "I am thine." The duet which follows this number is one of the most touching and melodious things in modern music; and it was sung by Mr. Lloyd and Mrs. Hutchinson in a manner that must have made the composer happy.

There is a certain similarity between The Sleeping Beauty and M. Dvorák's The Spectre Bride. Both are modern, melodious, strange; and both deal with a picturesque and legendary subject. M. Dvorák's treatment of his theme, however, is mainly descriptive. In spite of his strongly-marked melodies and his power of vivid orchestral expression, he lacks the true dramatic accent, the presence of which is one of the many charms of Mr. Cowen's music. He regards his situation first as a pretext for instrumental colouring, and then as something which may impart a general sentiment to the vocal part of his work, but need not ultimately affect its accents. Thus, in the midst of awful horrors and the most imminent and pressing dangers from corpses and demons, his heroine bursts into a most lovely, but somewhat too calm, prayer to the Virgin. It is to be noted, too, that the terror and the weirdness of the music, which is eerie enough throughout, in nowise culminate at the end, when all the dreadful things are said and done, so that the final effect is almost one of anti-climax.

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weirdness of the music, which is every children owise culminate at the end, when all the dreadful things are said and done, so that the final effect is almost one of anti-climax.

Of The Spectre Bride, however, and of the Mors et Vita, which was performed with immense success both on Wednesday and Friday, we shall have more to say next week. At present, we shall go on to note the fact that Mr. Anderton's Yule Tide, allotted to Wednesday night, pretends to no dramatic plan, and has no dramatic intention. A party seated round a fire on Christmas Eve are supposed to tell stories; and sometimes the chorus represents a party of carol-singers outside, and sometimes the collective voice of the party within commenting on the said stories. The first choruses of carol-singers are very ordinarily constructed upon rather common themes. Though without imaginative fire, they are occasionally spirited, and of a sound stories. The first choruses of carol-singers are very ordinarily constructed upon rather common themes. Though without imaginative fire, they are occasionally spirited, and of a sound and massive musical construction. Mr. Mans tells the first story—a sailor's—in an air of the ballad type, and of no very marked merit. Mrs. Hutchinson follows with a child's dream, in which there occur several stirring and melodious phrases, well marked by the singer. Mr. King then recounts the effect of the said dream on a poet present, in an unduly sentimental air. Mme. Trebelli tells the longest yarn of all—the story of Gudrun, who, in Iceland, went through an experience similar to that of Dvorák's Spectre Bride in Bohemia. The music begins tamely, but soon achieves a certain dramatic energy. The accompaniment is finely conceived, and was admirably played. The first chorus of commentators includes a number of somewhat coarse effects for the drum and for the bass voices; but it is simple and spirited, and mentators includes a number of somewhat coarse effects for the drum and for the bass voices; but it is simple and spirited, and has a certain straightforward effectiveness. Some of the choral interruptions later on are more massive, and are written with greater piquancy of method. The quintet and the final "Gloria" were the numbers best received. It is needless to add that Mme. Trebelli was for much in the success of the performance.

Yule Tide, it may be added, is by far the least remarkable of the three new cantatas; while Mr. Cowen's, though perhaps not really more akilfully treated than M. Dvorak's, and not really more

interesting from the student's point of view, is more human, more dramatic, and more varied in its natural and impulsive achieve-ment of beauty. After Mors et Vita, it is the success of the Festival.

NAUCRATIS.

Soon after his arrival in Egypt last autumn Mr. Flinders Petrie, who was waiting at Cairo until the Nile should have sufficiently subsided to allow him to resume his excavations at San for the Egypt Exploration Fund, was shown a small alabaster figure of peculiar workmanship. It was Egyptian in form, but Greek in teeling. Mr. Petrie is too thoroughly conversant with ancient art, and has too keen an eye for style, to be able to overlook such an object, even though it was but a fragment. He inquired diligently whence it had come, and after some time discovered an Arab able to afford him the information he sought. The statuette had been found in the soil of a field under a mound an object, even though it was but a fragment. He inquired diligently whence it had come, and after some time discovered an Arab able to afford him the information he sought. The statuette had been found in the soil of a field under a mound which marked the site of an ancient city in the Delta, near the railway-station of Teh-el-Barâd. Readers will remember the romantic story of the discovery of the Serapeum in 1851 by M. Mariette—how he lodged with a Greek at Alexandria, how his attention was attracted by a small white stone sphinx in his host's garden, and how afterwards, seeing two similar sphinxes at Cairo, and two more again at Bedreshayn, and always getting the same answer as to their origin—namely, that they had been found in the sands at Sakkara—he remembered a passage in Strabo in which an avenue of sphinxes was said to lead to the door of the Serapeum, whence his famous discovery, and the complete reformation of our ideas of Egyptian history and chronology. Whether Mr. Petrie remembered M. Mariette's lucky guess or not, he applied a similar system of reasoning to the account of the mound at Kom el Gaief. He remembered that a great Greek city existed fire or six centuries B.C. on the Canopic branch of the Nile; that, after flourishing with undiminished fortune till the founding of Alexandria, and with little loss till the time of Commodus, it had so completely disappeared that most modern authorities state briefly, "The site of Naucratis is unknown." Yet this was the city favoured by Amasis, where the Greeks had three temples devoted to the Hellenic gods, the city visited by Herodotus, to which all merchants from the Mediterranean had to resort to sell their wares, and where the lively Athenseus was born. Some modern explorers were disposed to identify a site near Dessook, between San and the sea; but, greatly as the course of the branches of the Nile has changed, it was difficult to connect Dessook with the Canopic branch. Mr. Petrie did not lose much time in visiting the place. He found a few mounds, he was convinced, but Naucratis could afford the same indications—archaic pottery, Athenian coins, and Greek inscriptions. His further researches showed "a temple of Apollo with temenos, dating from the earliest period; a temple of Aphrodite, also existing from archaic times; a temple of Athene; a temple of Zeus; a palaistra; and a great enclosure containing two remarkable blocks of buildings." The whole site, which he speedily obtained leave to explore thoroughly, is half a mile long. He found the remains of a temple of the ancient Ionic character, hitherto only known by some features of the Erechtheum at Athens, the fluted columns surrounded with a necking of honeysuckle pattern which imitated in details the lotus of Egypt. Naucratis was famous for its wreaths of flowers, which were even taken to Rome; perhaps the important part played by a wreath in the history of Amasis had something to do with this taste; perhaps he obtained from Naucratis the garland with which he gained the notice of Pharaoh Hophra. Near these remains were other fragments of a later style to which the colouring still adhered in places. The first temple had probably been destroyed in the Persian invasion. Phanes, who betrayed Amasis and his kingdom to Cambyses, was a renegade Naucratian. The later adhered in places. The first temple had probably been destroyed in the Persian invasion. Phanes, who betrayed Amasis and his kingdom to Cambyses, was a renegade Naucratian. The later temple was of white marble, and among its ruins Mr. Petrie found the fragments of nearly a hundred bowls incised with dedicatory inscriptions in honour of the Milesian Apollo. Among them, broken into many small pieces, is one which bears a very legible, if archaic, inscription, recording that it was devoted to the service of Apollo by Phanes. Beyond the site of the town to the southward Mr. Petrie found an enclosure made with a wall of very large mud-bricks; it was not less than six hundred feet square, the wall fifty feet thick, and still, in places, thirty feet high. This he identified with the Hellenium, a building which seems to have been partly commercial, partly religious. It was erected by the subscriptions of many Greek cities, and its officials presided over the haven. It contained, according to Herodotus, sanctuaries of Zeus and Hera and other divinities, and Mr. Petrie found a building adjoining the entrance on the western side which appears to have been dedicated to Zeus by Ptolemy II. In the foundations had been deposited neatly-made miniature objects representing sacrificial utensils, agricultural implements, small pieces of precious stones, of gold, silver, copper, and iron,

and the King's oval in lapis lazuli. In another part of the enclosure was a large building, two hundred feet square, which, from the peculiarities of its plan, Mr. Petrie would identify as a combination of storehouse and fort. Among the ruins he found a little stone model representing just such a building. This and many other curious objects he has brought home. They are to be seen at the rooms of the Royal Archæological Institute, where Mr. Petrie attends himself on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. It is impossible here to do more than call attention to the exhibition, which is of the highest interest to the Hellenic scholar as well as to the Egyptologist. The intermixture of the two styles, the abundance of objects hitherto but rarely found and classed as extremely archaic, the number of weights of all sorts characteristic of a commercial town, the discovery of a manufactory for a kind of blue amulets, and especially scarabs, whose semi-Greek style has hitherto puzzled collectors, the quantity of iron tools, lumps of pig iron, and smelting slag, showing the existence of an art abhorred by the Egyptians—these and many other things, some of them, as the fish-hooks and the etched egg-shells, hitherto unknown, both add to the certainty that this was Naucratis and unknown, both add to the certainty that this wa to the value of Mr. Petrie's brilliant discovery. s Naucratis and

THE AMERICA'S CUP.

CAPTAIN ROLAND P. COFFIN, author of Old Sailors' Yarns, Archibald the Cat, How Old Wiggins wore Ship, and of The America's Cup (New York: Scribners' Sons), very recently produced, makes mention in his useful chronicle of a singular difficulty which confronted the pundits of the New York Yacht Club when they took counsel together how they should meet the Genesta. It was apparently thought that the Club had no vessel fit to compete with her, and this opinion was certainly flattering to her builder and designer, as the Genesta was not a brand-new yacht built simply for the Cup race, but had been through a season's severe racing in English waters. No vessel being good enough then to meet this cutter, it was necessary to build one; but, though American yachtsmen are certainly not chary of their money, it was seemingly apprehended that there would be some difficulty about this. Captain Coffin says, with a certain pathos and with a naïveté not Captain Coffin says, with a certain pathos and with a naïveté not common amongst his countrymen, that, "although the Club [the New York Yacht Club] is an association of wealthy gentlemen, it New York Yacht Chub is an association of weating gentlemen, it could not afford to spend all its millions on yachts, especially as the sloop required was larger than any one wanted for ordinary yachting, and would be of little use after the race for the Cup was over, unless her rig was changed." Now, as the two yachts which have actually been built for the combat are but \$5 and

yachting, and would be of little use after the race for the Cup was over, unless her rig was changed." Now, as the two yachts which have actually been built for the combat are but \$5 and 80 feet long on the water-line, it is not easy to see what Captain Coffin means when he speaks of vessels being too large for ordinary yachting. If the Genesta, on account of her size, was likely to win as against American yachts, why should not other yachts of the same size or bigger than she is be likely to win against American yachts in contests subsequent to that for the Cup? It is impossible to follow the Captain's reasoning, unless he means that a vessel built for the race would have spars and sails of very dangerous dimensions; but it is easy to appreciate the significance of the other part of his sentence. Rightly or wrongly, it seems to have been thought that any vessel built to sail for the Cup would necessarily be a "racing machine" constructed for that one contest, and fit for nothing afterwards.

Of course we do not for a moment assert that the two yachts which have been built for the race, the steel Priscilla and the wooden Puritan, belong to this order, and they may be marvels of strength and seaworthiness; but the Captain clearly shows what the opinion of American yachtsmen was, and indicates the risk of losing to a worthless vessel which might be incurred by an English yacht-owner has been willing to run this risk and to face some serious disadvantages, and his countrymen can but wish him success in an enterprise which is bold, but can hardly be considered promising, for the odds are certainly much against him. Next week will probably show what the comparative powers of the American dampion yacht and of the English ship—which, be it observed, is not the champion yacht and of the English ship—which, be it observed, is not the champion yacht and of the English sleet in 1851. Indeed, it should be by far the most interesting, for the subsequent contests have derived their éclat from being races for the cup, and apa

the Sappho in English waters and getting well beaten, and then racing the famous American schooner Dauntless across the Atlantic and beating her, sailed against a fleet of American yachts for the America's Cup. According to Captain Coffin, the Committee benevolently intended—with extraordinary chivalry certainly—to give the Cambria the weather berth at starting, it being an anchor start; but somehow or other the wind misconducted itself, and the Cambria was to leeward of all the other yachts. Even the wind is patriotic in America.

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The Cambria was beaten, and badly beaten, which was not stonishing, as she had fourteen vessels on her weather; in fact, The Cambria was beaten, and badly beaten, which was not astonishing, as she had fourteen vessels on her weather; in fact, she hardly could have won except by some astounding fluke; but, with all allowance for this, she does not seem to have sailed specially well, and, if she had gained, it would hardly have been a real triumph, as she was undoubtedly inferior to the American Soppho, which did not compete in this race. Mr. Ashbury, however, was quite undaunted, and, the Cambria not being "good enough," built the Livonia and took her across the Atlantic, with the resolute intention of winning the Cup, if by any possibility it could be fairly won; but, little to the credit of the N.Y.Y.C., he was never allowed a fair contest. It would now be superfluous and far beyond the limits of the space at our command to attempt to recapitulate, however briefly, his stormy correspondence with the special Committee of N.Y.Y.C., but one fact which we take from Captain Coffin's books—and Captain Coffin is a fervent American yachtsman—may well be stated, as perhaps it is not generally known. It appears from letters of Mr. Ashbury's, dated June 15 and October 7, 1871, that he offered to sail twelve races, seven out of twelve races to win, but that this most fair offer, which must have shown that it was his intention to fight the battle in such a manner as to prove indubitably which was the best ship, was declined. Ultiprove indubitably which was the best ship, was declined. Ultimately the matches were sailed in a ridiculous and discreditable mately the matches were sailed in a ridiculous and discreditable manner. Mr. Ashbury having, it must be said, advanced one untenable proposition, yielded where he ought to have been firm, and the Committee were allowed to nominate their vessel on the morning of the start. The Columbia was the first vessel to sail against the Livonia, and she beat her twice, the Committee disregarding a protest with regard to the second race which Captain Coffin allows to have been legitimate. In the third race the Columbia lost, owing, it is said, to an accident to her steering gear, and the Sappho was then pitted against the English yacht, and she beat her twice. Mr. Ashbury was thus defeated in his attempt to win the famous Cup, and, though the victories of the Columbia, a centre-board, are not worth considering, the victory of the Sappho was apparently quite decisive; but, whether the N.Y.Y.C. possessed the better vessel or not, there can be no doubt that the conduct of their Committee was by no means sportsmanlike, and it is satisfactory to think that it has been frequently condemned, not merely here, but also on the other side of the Atlantic.

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been frequently condemned, not merely here, but also on the other side of the Atlantic.

Of the efforts made since the failure of the Livonia to wrest the trophy from the American Club it is hardly necessary to speak, as they were of a very puerile nature. In 1876 a Canadian vessel, called the Countess of Dufferin, dubbed a yacht, but apparently owned by a kind of joint-stock society, sailed against the American Madeleine. Five years later the Atalanta, another Canadian vessel, manned by a crew of amateurs, was hopelessly defeated by the Mischief and the Gracie, and it seems to have been not a little presumptuous to enter and sail such a vessel for the America's Cup. Now, at last, a real attempt is to be made by a yacht which, though not the best English yacht afloat—for that proud position must be conceded to the Irex—is undoubtedly a very good one. She will sail with but small chance of success, as she will have to contend with a centreboard craft built expressly for this contest. The centre-board—a vile type—is, for excellent reasons, condemned by all English yacht clubs; but undoubtedly vessels belonging to it have very great speed in a light breeze and smooth water. If, then, the Genesta wips, she will accomplish a very extraordinary feat, and she will have the honour of bringing back to England what is perhaps the ugliest piece of plate ever made by an English silver-smith—which is saying a great deal.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"TWAS evening of an August day,
A parson watched two boys at play
Before a village school,
In blue and yellow colours gay,
Like pool-balls in a pool.

Fresh from endeavouring to suggest That timid voters can Evade a Tory squire's behest,
After a simple plan,
He watched the game with interest:
He was a worthy man.

Cutting at last their frolics short,
"What's this," asked he, "I find
You playing in such eager sort
With so intent a mind? For never saw I children's sport Of this peculiar kind."

"Oh, Sir!" replied the merry lad, With head of sunny glory, "We play at 'voters'; I'm a Rad, And Tommy, he's a Tory. He asks if he my vote may add, And then I tells a story."

The Reverend Ananias eyed
That sweet light-hearted child;
And radiance of paternal pride
Lit up his visage mild.
The good seed had been scattered wide; He saw his sheaves, and smiled.

"Play on!" he said. "Take, children mine, My blessing, and play on!

And ne'er may English pluck decline

From sturdy sire to son!

Play! At the vicarage cake and wine

Await you when you've done.

"But, stay," he added, "how is this?
What is this youngster's name
Who stands aloof, yet seems to miss
The share he does not claim?
Come, tell me for what reason 'tis
You join not in the game."

The boy looked up and, while a tear Welled in his eye of blue, In tones the good man scarce could hear, All closely though he drew, Murmured, "Why, father, he do swear He'll whop me if I do."

The vicar rapped the urchin's head
With playful knuckle-joint;
"Pooh! pooh! my little man," he said,
"You miss the moral point.
The oil from virtuous motives shed
Will size for de printer. Will pious frauds anoint.

"Pledges, by due research I find,
Which others' threats exact,
No man of truly Liberal mind
Will scruple to retract;
They do not hold, they cannot bind,
They're null and void, in fact.

"So, if your father, boy, who ought
To leave you free, sees fit
To warp your Liberal bent of thought,
"Tis reason, I admit,
For giving him the promise sought,
But not for keeping it."

"Mother, she says," resumed the lad,
"'It's t'other way about,
And Squire II sure, unless your dad
Votes Liberal, turn us out.
You'd better play at shamming Rad,
Not 'Sarvative, I doubt.'"

The Reverend Ananias frowned Beneath his spacious hat; Oppose," said he, "such views unsound With centradiction flat. I tell you, as in duty bound, You must not play at that.

"But come, my child, the sun descends,
The day is nearly flown;
Evil communication tends— The rest is doubtless known So leave your little Liberal friends
To play their game alone.

"And tell your mother—though she knows—
That what appears to her
A case of conscience, good for those
Who lies to truth prefer,
Never with Tory votes arose,
Nor ever could occur."

REVIEWS.

HUNTING TRIPS OF A RANCHMAN.

THE "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" is one of the rare books which sportsmen will be glad to add to their libraries. Nothing so good of the sort has appeared since Dodge and Hutchinson brought out The Hunting Grounds of the Great West. And the one work is the complement of the other; for prairie life has been altogether changing its character, and the industries and

* Sketches of Sport on the Northern Cattle Plains. By Theodore condendate London and New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

occupations of the prairie population are still in a state of transition. The buffaloes, or bisons, which, when Dodge wrote in 1876, were being driven before the advance of the railways into great "rings" to the north-west and the south-west, have now been practically exterminated. Consequently the Red Indians, who have been dying out almost as rapidly as the bison, have less inducement than before to break bounds from the Reserves to which the policy of a paternal Government has relegated them. The plaims where the white trapper used to skulk from ambush to ambush, dividing his attention between fur-hunting and keeping his "hair" from the scalping-knife, are now free to the cowboys, and comparatively safe. The very wild animals that had survived have changed their nature; and the savage "grizzlies" themselves, learning prudence from generation to generation, respect the express rifles, and show a wholesome terror of man. The ranchman, on the territory he has acquired, is monarch of all he surveys; his nearest neighbour, in all probability, being many a mile away. His cattle wander at will, except when they are mustered for branding, drafting, or numbering; and they fatten through the spring on the rich grasses which are still manured by the droppings of departed bison and whitened by their bleaching bones. Yet things, as we said, are in a state of transition; and Mr. Roosevelt has no illusions as to the future of these flourishing ranchmen. Their day is going by; they are doomed to disappear in turn, like the Indians and the mountain-men, for in time all the land available for crops will be settled up by bands of sturdy agriculturists. To be sure, there must always be a vast extent of country which can only be available for grazing; but cattle-rearing will cease to pay when squatters are scattering themselves through the ranches. Already, indeed, in Mr. Roosevelt's opinion, it is too late for small capitalists to try the trade. Men who have made their way, and who breed on a large scale, may continue to do wel

small capitalists to try the trade. Men who have made uneu way, and who breed on a large scale, may continue to do well for many years more or less; but even now some of the largest Companies which came early into the field show far less flourishing balance-sheets than formerly.

For himself, we should fancy that he may feel comparatively easy as to the immediate future, since his lines have fallen among the Bad Lands, which are by no means inviting to agriculturists. And we think we may congratulate him on having made a good thing of his ranching so far, if we may judge by the sumptuous volume before us. Nothing can be in better taste than this luxurious quarto, with its thick, band-woven paper, admirable type, and, above all, with its spirited engravings and etchings of ranching life, sporting scenes, and picturesque prairie game. When we think of the rough experiences of the prairie sportsmen and of the more than primitive habits of the rude cowboys, there is something piquant in the contrast; though we presume Mr. Roosevelt has published a cheaper edition for use in the ranching circles of readers, where tobacco is more popular than soap. Mr. Roosevelt himself is evidently a cultivated man; and, had it pleased him to turn his attention to literary pursuits, he might have been equally successful in that line, though probably not so rich. It is astonishing how many thoroughbred sportsmen can write admirably on their favourite subjects. And Mr. Roosevelt may rank with Scrope, Lloyd, Harris, St. John, and half a dozen others, whose books will always be among the sporting classics. His style shows no signs of inexperience; he vividly describes the pictures which clearly present themselves to him; and, though shooting incidents and sporting adventures must mecassarily tend to repeat themselves, he never drags out his recollections to tediousness. With regard to the cattle business, as we have indicated already, he has a great deal to say that is well worth hearing. There are large profits to be made, but there ar promiscuous shooting within easy distance of his ranche, and being a careful naturalist, as well as a keen sportsman, he has made himself familiar with most of the prairie species. What we like about him is, that he is thoroughly trustworthy, and we feel we may receive all

his sporting experiences for gospel. For when he modestly confesses that he is no very deadly shot, we can believe that he has the other qualities of the successful "still hunter"—patience, perseverance, knowledge, and cooleans in calcius. qualities of the successiful "still hunter"—patience, perseverance, knowledge, and coolness in critical moments. Valuable qualities these, and especially the last, when a man's supper or even his life may depend on his not coming home empty-handed. There was game in tolerable plenty and variety near the ranche, but it was generally shy. The young broods of the grouse or prairie-fowl, in the early season, were the only things that were very easy shooting, except perhaps the duck, which could often be surprised in the pools. The strings of wild geese that would stream in and drop down in the water-hollows for the night are among the wariest and most watchful of living creatures. There, as in Sootland, they set regular sentinels, and can only be stalked by taking advantage of each tuff of grass, at a pairful expenditure of kneelesther. The black-tailed deer, which are tolerably common everywhere, only come out to feed in the dark of dusk. Throughout the day they lie close, and the most sporting and exciting way of hunting them was on horseback. The long, broken, and bushy ravines are their favourite hunts. A couple of men mount a couple of well-trained shooting ponies, one taking either side of the ravine. Going at a hand-gallop or a catter, as the case may be, and according to the inequalities, one taking either side of the ravine. Going at a hand-gallop or a catter, as the case may be, and seconding to the inequalities of the dangerous ground, the unshed hoots make little sound. The feer seldors and original method of sport is coursing the wild turkey with greyhounds. The birds, when fushed, if along the plain, followed from sfar by the horseum and the hounds. When they tire and alight, the pursues dawn searce. At last, and after repeated fights, the analysis of the stream of the search of the stream of the search of the stream of th qualities of the successful "still hunter"—patience, perseverance, knowledge, and coolness in critical moments. Valuable qualities these, and especially the last, when a man's supper or even his life may depend on his not coming home empty-handed. There was game in tolerable plenty and variety near the ranche, but it was

FOUR NOVELS.

A FAMILY AFFAIR must be taken to give the measure, now unhappily established beyond appeal, of its author's capacities as a novelist. The general judgment is likely to be that it is a good novel, better than the merits of the "abilling dreadfuls" with which "Hugh Conway's" name is principally associated would have justified us in expecting, and not so good but that some better are published every season. The incidents which supply the romance are few. A child is left at a house inhabited by two bachelor brothers and their niece, the reader being left but a very short time in doubt as to whose child it is. A villanous convict who is its father appears on the scene, and tries to extort by two bachelor brothers and their niece, the reader being left but a very short time in doubt as to whose child it is. A villanous convict who is its father appears on the scene, and tries to extort money by threatening to reveal the truth. Accordingly the child is removed from his neighbourhood, and eventually, while endeavouring to renew his efforts, the convict is brought to a bad end, and all goes happily. The characters who by their conversation and manners supply most of the interest of the book are also few—one injured heroine, one villain as aforesaid, one patient hero, one disappointed and purely episodical lover, one crazy but faithful Calvinist servant, and one pair of ridiculous brothers whose characters are exactly the same, and a great part of the fun of whom consists in their physical duality. These, with unusually trifling assistance from butlers, railway-guards, publicans, editors, &c., do all the work of the story. The freshest and most remarkable character in the book is certainly the brothers Talbert, who never appear, and indeed would the brothers Talbert, who never appear, and indeed would have no point, spart from each other, and are in reality only one person. They are rich, tall, handsome, and devote the whole of their considerable intellectual abilities to the personnel of the considerable intellectual abilities to the personnel. the whole of their considerable intellectual abilities to the performance of those domestic duties which a generation ago were supposed to be the sphere outside which women, in an ordinary way, should not move. They polish their own wine-glasses, and have a personal acquaintance with every pillow-case they possess. They are very well done, but it is impossible to avoid the conviction that they are taken from life, and, if that is so, the caricature is so malicious that we can only hope that Mr. Fargus had some justification for it. The Calvinist nurse, Mrs. Miller, is also powerfully described; but, unless we are mistaken, we have met her before in that novel of Mr. Wilkie Collins's which deals with Scotch marriages. There, too, it was her function to remove the some justification for it. The Caivinist nurse, arts. anner, is also powerfully described; but, unless we are mistaken, we have met her before in that novel of Mr. Wilkie Collins's which deals with Scotch marriages. There, too, it was her function to remove the villain at the critical moment, and she did it very much in the same fashion as Mrs. Miller. Maurice Hervey, the villain, is not a bad gaol-bird; but Beatrice, the heroine, has no individuality, and is interesting only as the victim of circumstances. The hero is an Oxford coach and heaven-born newspaper-writer—a rather fashionable sort just now—and is lifelike without being particularly attractive. In the third volume two scenes occur which have a good deal of "sensational" power—the death of the villain (although, as we have said, it is not new), and the discovery of his corpse by Beatrice and her lover in a "Wartsaal" of the cemetery at Munich. Altogether the novel is good, though not first-rate or anything like it. It is to be feared that "Hugh Conway" was only too truly the spokesman of popular ignorance when he made a great art critic, of whom we get only the briefest glimpse, talk about "the spectre, the Frankenstein that haunts my existence." People cannot be expected to read Frankenstein, but they might at least find out that he was not a Monster, but a biologist who made a Monster, as he chose, entirely on account of his own misbehaviour, to call it.

The reader of Mr. Percy Greg's new novel is at liberty to settle for himself whether Raymond Erne, the hero, was at different moments on the verge of the night of madness, or whether the British Empire is, in fact, on, and is in the novel dragged a little back from, the verge of the night of destruction, or both. However that may be, The Verge of Night is a political novel. Some of the personages are real, and carry very thin disguises. The course of English history, as it might have been, is taken up by Mr. Greg somewhere about 1833, and carried on to the following effect. Mr. Gladstone actually r

allies. The result was the formation of a strong coalition government, with Lord Granville as Prime Minister, "Lord Penrith," who is more like Lord Salisbury than any one else, but who has so much to do with the story that it would not be fair to identify him as completely as some of the others, as Lord-Lieutenant, and Mr. Forster as Secretary for the Colonies. Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke become the leaders of the Opposition. A public office is entirely destroyed by dynamite, whereupon "the dynamite faction" is crushed for ever by constitutional means, which we fear include the hanging of an unspecified member of Parliament, and Lord Penrith then proceeds to pass into law something vague, but on the lines recently suggested by Mr. Clifford Lloyd, in the nature of Home Rule, which practically settles the Irish question. Then the same statesman, who is the real leader of the Ministry,

^{*} A Family Affair. A Novel. By Hugh Conway, Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

The Verge of Night. By Percy Greg, Author of "Ivy: Cousin and Bride" &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1885.

Mrs. Hollyer. By Georgiana M. Craik, Author of "Godfrey Helstone," London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1885.

Camilla's Girthood. By Linda Villari. Author of "On Tuscan Hills and Venetian Waters," "In Change Unchanged," &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.

becomes Secretary for War, and reconstitutes the army, and at the end of the book the country is in a thoroughly satisfactory and hopeful condition.

All this is rather skilfully woven into the story by means of Raymond Erne, the hero being a member of Parliament, and a devoted follower of Lord Penrith, who brings him into office, and makes the best of his extraordinary abilities. The villain is one Carey, who is also in Parliament, and becomes leader of a kind of Extreme Left. He hates Erne, partly from jealousy and partly from political antipathy, and partly because, in a real old-fashioned encounter with a bull (vol. i. p. 32), Erne and he behaved as an ideal hero, and an unmitigated villain should. He is finally encounter with a buil (vol. 1. p. 32), Erne and he behaved as an ideal hero and an unmitigated villain should. He is finally baffled by the mighty editor, Lestrange, who, along with some other characters, reappears from the author's earlier novels, and who is, on the whole, the most carefully and successfully depicted of all the people in the story. The bull is not merely introduced as a red rag to the captious critic, but serves a profound purpose, because he makes the hero's mind wander uncomfortably, and gives colour to the machinations of his father, who has selfish reasons for wishing him not to marry, and is able artfully to torment him with suggestions that he is likely to go mad. The political talk is good, though there is a great deal of it. One of the conversations will provoke a regretful recollection of the good old times when poor Dr. Kenealy had an undisputed right to be described as "the editor of the foulest paper in England." Mr. Greg is a most conscientious writer. One feels that one is always getting his best, and that, compared with most other novelists, his best is good. getting his b best is good.

best is good.

Mrs. Hollyer is a much humbler sort of novel than The Verge of Night. It is all trivial, but notwithstanding it is nearly all amusing. The people are most of them either rather silly or slightly vicious, except the heroine, who is just a trifle dull; but one wants to know what happens to them, and reads somewhat eagerly on. The heroine just referred to, by the way, is the nominal heroine—the lady who eventually becomes Mrs. Hollyer. We hear next to nothing of her in the first volume, and very little more in the second. In the third she becomes, as already hinted, rather a bore. The true heroine is a young woman named Sylvia Shepton; to her we are grateful for much entertainment, though not of the most exalted kind. She is "considerable," and more than considerable "of a flirt," and is also vulgar and ignorant, but has the wits to conceal all three facts from the more deeply involved of her admirers. Chief among these is Mr. Hollyer, who is a good, strong, handsome, and quite miraculously stupid young man. He is always saying, "Oh come, now!" when anything is said, ironically or otherwise, which he does not understand, which happens about once a page whenever he is present. He develops during said, ironically or otherwise, which he does not understand, which happens about once a page whenever he is present. He develops during a fortnight's visit in the country an idolatrous passion for Sylvia, and then goes and cherishes it for ten years in California, after which he comes back for no purpose except to see her. She has meanwhile been married to a rich old gentleman, her courtship of whom is described with much spirit, and who has obligingly died, leaving her a wealthy widow. The scenes in which she and her adorer meet again, and in which she undeceives him about her own marries, are any sing for it is impossible not to take a cruel pleasure adorer meet again, and in which she undeceives him about her own merits, are amusing, for it is impossible not to take a cruel pleasure in seeing the feelings of any one so very stupid as Keith Hollyer trampled upon. However, he is quite consoled at last, because, while he has been ten years pining for Sylvia, the gloomy heroine has been ten years pining for him, though he did not remember her existence. There is a rather amiable person named Horace Kelvin, given to mildly sarcastic reflections on his fellow dramatis persons, given to mindy saccesterence to the lenow aramata persons, and we are sorry when he goes to Australia half way through the book. If the substance of the third volume, which is not much, were substituted for a part of the long-drawn-out wooing of old Mr. Haliburton by Sylvia Shepton in the second, Mrs. Hollyer would, as a nice, bright, harmless little story, leave nothing to be desired.

Mrs. Hollyer would, as a nice, bright, harmless little story, leave nothing to be desired.

When on p. 2 of a "prologue" a young English wife trembles as she sees her Italian husband set out on a shooting excursion, and calls out to him, "Come back to me, Camillo!" and he to her, "Addio, Elena! Addio! "we know perfectly well that he will come back to her only as a "crushed and bleeding form half covered by a cloak." And when we learn on p. 4 that the man who went out with Camillo was his brother, to whom he had lent money, we understand directly that he is the murderer. Yet Mrs. Villari makes us wait till p. 19 for the authoritative confirmation of the former certainty, and does not formally acknowledge the latter until p. 28. However, the prologue has, after all, very little to do with Camilla's Girlhood, and, if there must be one, it is perhaps as well that it should be wrought out with due deliberation. This, like Mrs. Hollyer, is really a sketch of some of the manners and customs of the youth of certain of the middle classes of England, nicely garnished with the scrap of murderous romance above referred to in the prologue, and with a corresponding fillip at the end, the scene being shifted again to Italy in order to give probability to a scheme of abduction complicated with political spying. The character of the villain, Mrs. Ives, who paints looking-glasses for an ostensible living, smokes cigars in private for her own enjoyment, and pays a double debt politically by receiving the revolutionary confidences of Mazzini and betraying them to the Austrians, is well worked out, and we get a most refreshing glimpse of the awful at the end of the book where she passes out of the story. For the bulk of the novel there is a virtuous family after Miss Yonge; their father is a doctor, and they all marry early, some better and some worse.

There is a subsidiary female villain, who makes herself rather disagreeable, and a pleasant enough young man of the name of Hartley, who marries the better of the doctor's daughters. The book is well put together.

TURENNE.

AS the series of Military Biographies published by Messrs.

A S the series of Military Biographies published by Messrs.

A Chapman & Hall goes on it becomes more clear that it was a mistake to introduce it with any flourish of trumpets. It was to have given original lives, which should also be valuable not only for their literary qualities, but as military text-books. Of the three brought out up to the present, Colonel Malleson's Laudon is the only one which approaches this high standard. Colonel Brackenbury's Frederick the Great was very little more than a précis of the military parts of Carlyle. We are constrained to say much the same of this biography of Turenne. In his preface Colonel Hozier tells us, indeed, that "It requires a long and tedious research for isolated facts through many books before we can learn how the younger son of the Calvinist Duke of Bouillon rose to the highest position in the armies of France in the time of the greatest grandeur of the greatest of French monarchs." Now it may be that Colonel Hozier has made these researches, but they have plainly convinced him that Ramsay had already discovered all that was to be known a century and a half ago. With the exception of a few pages on the organization of the armies of the sixteenth century, there is very little which is not to be found in that author. We do not deny that Colonel Hozier has been well advised in following him, still less do we doubt that books of this kind are useful after a fashion. There are many people in this world who will neither read good literature por study original authorities, even when they are easy to get at doubt that books of this kind are useful after a fashion. There are many people in this world who will neither read good literature nor study original authorities, even when they are easy to get at. Interpretations into short and easy forms for their convenience are at least innocent, since after all their recalcitrance is not criminal. We prefer none the less to see these things called by their right name. When we are presented with what is brutally called "cabbage" by the ruder kind of critics, and are asked to accept it as literature, we decline. Such things must be judged on their merits, and praised or blamed according to the judgment and dexterity shown in selecting the proper passages for quotation or paraphrase.

dexterity shown in selecting the proper passages for quotation or paraphrase.

With the proviso, then, that we are ready to believe Colonel Hozier decided to compile his Turenne out of Ramsay's after careful study in every direction, we are ready to accept his compilation as a good one. He turns the French narrative into tolerable English, and does not omit anything of importance. The marches and battles are more interesting to us in the original. More details are given by Ramsay. The difference between the two is the difference between the old Dutch maps and Colonel Hozier's. These last give the bare outline of the country and the relative positions of places. The former give a bird's-eye view of hills, valleys, vineyards, and woods. This is perhaps a matter of taste, and no fault in the eyes of the lover of "serieses." By carefully following Colonel Hozier on a map it is quite possible to understand the marches and countermarches of the most scientific of generals, and that, after all, is something. Thus, for instance, the campaign of 1646 can be followed in Colonel Hozier satisfactorily enough. Indeed, Turenne's operations in that year were so admirable that it is only necessary to follow them on a map to see their merits. Ramsay necessary to follow them on a map to see their merits. Ramsay and many others after him—Colonel Hozier among them—have compared Turenne to the Great Captain Gonsalvo Fernandez de and many others after him—Colonel Hozier among them—have compared Turenne to the Great Captain Gonsalvo Fernandez de Córdova. It is not to be denied that, considered only as soldiers, the men have much in common; but the operations of this year show a still closer resemblance between Turenne and another Spanish general. The Duke of Alva, who also had no likeness to Turenne except as a soldier, was wont to say that any fool may win a battle by accident, but that the true test of generalship was to gain all the advantages of victory without ever giving your opponent a chance to fight. Now, though both Alva and Turenne could fight battles when they saw occasion, they both seem to have preferred the colder and more scientific kind of warfare. Condé, again, was, above all things, a fighter of battles, and he fought in season and out of season. This love of swashing blows made him the more popular hero, but it is plain that it led him into committing many gross blunders. At Nordlingen, as Colonel Hozier might have pointed out with more distinctness, Condé did his best to cause a defeat, and even Turenne could not have saved him if Mercy had not fallen in the middle of the battle. In this, and in other respects, Colonel Hozier suffers from his too exclusive devotion to Ramsay. He may have done well to follow him for the facts, but a little more regard for other sources of information would probably have led to a greater independence of judgment. In military matters Colonel Hozier can think for himself, as when, for instance, he compares the inferior military science of the seventeenth century with the very superior sort of thing done at Aldershot; but in other respects he seems to look through the eyes of somebody who lived under Louis XIV. There is a passage in his book about the benighted state of France before the great King came and civilized it, which might have been written (and, as a matter of fact, was written) about a hundred and fifty years ago. It follows that Colonel Hozier's view of the personal character

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^{*} Military Biographies-Turenne. By H. M. Hozier. London: Chapman & Hall. 1885.

Fronde, is very different from Michelet's. He sketches him as the spotless here, not too virtuous, because—to quote two typical sentences also taken in substance from Ramsay—"Too great virtue cannot be expected even in the noblest examples of hamanity. It would repel many, would irritate many, and would be unnatural to mankind." Colonel Hozier does not seem to have asked himself whether all that is known of Turenne is not consistent with the view that he was an able and honest, but, apart from his military skill, rather commonplace, man. We cannot recommend this as a valuable biography, but we repeat our opinion that it is a good précis of not very recondite information. Colonel Hozier also gives some account of the armament, organization, and manœuvring of the armies of the seventeenth century, which will be new and interesting to most readers. He has very properly gone, directly or indirectly, to Montecuculi for his facts, and he could not do better. Fronde, is very different from Michelet's. He sketches him as

SOME COOKERY BOOKS.

THE amusing, if somewhat garrulous and indiscreet, writer who calls himself "An Old Bohemian" displayed in his Reminiscences such deep and original, if not always quite orthodox, views on cooking and cookery, that many serious readers wished he had handled that all-important matter more fully. He has done it in this volume, of which it can only be said that, if the writer had had the good taste to strike out a few things that are not in good taste, it would be the most recommendable volume on cookery that has been printed in English for many long days. As it is, it must be very highly spoken of. The author excuses it as desultory and fragmentary, and it is true that it does a little smack of those faults—faults which are made more serious by the fact that it has not the ghost of an index, and scarcely the ghost of a table of contents. It would be worth anybody's while who buys it to have it rebound with a few blank leaves, on which to note alphabetically the excellent receipts it contains, and which at present are almost introvvables. The author does not put his best note alphabetically the excellent receipts it contains, and which at present are almost introvables. The author does not put his best foot foremost; beginning with some general remarks on cleanliness, economy, kitchen furniture, and so forth, which are truisms to those who will mind them, and useless to those who will not. Most of the slips of taste above noted occur here, and there are digressions (for instance, a tirade against Co-operative Stores) which, whatever their intrinsic justification, have simply nothing to do with the subject. Some, however, of the "Old Bohemian's" mechanical "tips" are ingenious and worth trying, and the same may be said of his chemical ones. We have not ourselves tried his plan of mixing dry salt with oil that is to be kept, but it sounds plausible.

mechanical "tips" are ingenious and worth trying, and the same may be said of his chemical ones. We have not ourselves tried his plan of mixing dry salt with oil that is to be kept, but it sounds plausible.

His first, or almost his first, regular receipt is a good and catholic one, describing that excellent mode of cooking various meats with bacon and vegetables (but no water) in an earthen-ware jar which English cookery-books for the most part strangely neglect. Curiously enough, however, he does not suggest rabbit as a subject for this treatment, for which, by those who have tried it, it is generally pronounced to be supereminently fitted. Still more elaborate and still better is the formula for civet de lièvre on pp. 56 sq.—the best civet de lièvre by far that we have ever seen in English. The first dictum of the "Old Bohemian's" that we are bound to question is that underdone meat is not more digestible than well done. He is, we believe, both chemist and physician; yet to this his doctrine can we by no means subscribe. However, we come together with him again in his opinion that "boiled or roast meat boiled up once more in curried stock" is not curry. His own receipt for that admirable food is good, but liable to the too-common complaint that it ignores the immense superiority of dry to wet curry. A few pages later, however, the "Old Bohemian" shows but too clearly how Bohemia damages the taste. He discourses of mint sauce—a foolish gaud—and then says, "I have a notion that with this sauce even four-year-old mutton properly roasted may be made to taste something like lamb." A man has four-year-old mutton (we wish the "Old Bohemian" would tell us where to get it except by growing it ourselves), and he makes it taste like lamb! Will the "Old Bohemian" is dull and scientific for some pages, during which the indignant reader can simmer down. By the time he is nearly cool the last vestige of indignation is removed by a very good theory of boulettes, a variety of rissole which sounds excellent.

Coming to poultr

undervalued in England, partly, we believe, from the fact that great numbers of capercailzies are poached during the close time of the pairing season, when their flesh is in bad condition. For ourselves, the best capercailzie we ever ate had been forgotten—literally forgotten—for weeks. When he was remembered, great part of him had to be cut away bodily, but the rest was admirable. We cannot follow the "Old Bohemian" in his orthwise and the part of the control of the part of the enthusiasm for sturgeon, but he is perfectly right in extolling conger. He does not, however, seem to know one of the best ways enthusiasm for sturgeon, but he is perfectly right in extolling conger. He does not, however, seem to know one of the best ways of cooking that maligned monster, which is simply to fry it in cutlets, dredging curry-powder over it during the process. We may add that, of course, Mr. Charles Sala did not (whatever he to'd the "Old Bohemian") invent the plan of cooking bloaters in burnt whisky, which is primeval. Passing over a not unpromising receipt for what the author calls pepperpot, but which is not the real pepperpot beloved of West Indians and of most people who have tasted it, we may note a good-looking prescription for musselrash, though, except in Belgium, we own that we are personally rather shy of mussels. Snails, frogs, and other small deer of that kind detain the "Old Bohemian" for a time, and then he comes to vegetables. Here he is sound, but, except on the article of salad (which has separate treatment), we confess rather uninteresting. "Condiments" is an excellent chapter. On unfermented drinks he is chiefly anecdotical, and his "fermented drinks" contains mainly elaborate and, we should say, horribly unwholesome prescriptions for cups and punches. He does not mention a simple but admirable cup which we have never seen in any book, though, no doubt, hundreds of other people have discovered it, as we did, for themselves. Put a large slice of pineapple at the bottom of a jug or cup, with a tablespoonful of powdered white sugar, pour over it a bottle of sound Médoc, insert a lump of ice as big as a baby's head, and when it is wanted add a pint-bottle of good sparkling Moselle. Put nothing else at all, and, as a rule, do not drink the whole of it yourself. With this slight contribution in return for the "Old Bohemian's "numerous stores of learning, we take leave of him in respect and charity. drink the whole of it yourself. With this slight contribution in return for the "Old Bohemian's" numerous stores of learning, we

arink the whole of it yourself. With this slight contribution in return for the "Old Bohemian's" numerous stores of learning, we take leave of him in respect and charity.

The author of High-class Cookery Recipes apologizes for the selection of a fount of type which did not admit of accents for the heading of her receipts. This fount appears also to have had some odd ideas as to spelling. We know, for instance, what a gibelotte is, and very excellent it is; but we never heard of a "gibollette." "Tartlettes" appears to be constructed on the same model as "Editione de Luxe." However, Mrs. Clarke pleads hard work at the Inventions, and, after all, these things, as well as the accents, are set right in the index; but they tend to increase the already anarchic condition of English menus from the point of view of language. The receipts themselves are excellent. "Athenian Eel and Sauce" (by the way, it should surely have been Becotian) is excellent for all but Scotchmen. "Sole à la Portugaise" deserves a still better mark, and "Suprême de Crabe aux Tomates" is a better form of that admirable but, alas! not to all men and at all times permissible dish, dressed crab, than is usually to be found in English cookery-books. In these latter, too, mutton cutlets "à la Provençale"—one of the best of dishes—are rarely prescribed for so well as here. In fact, it is difficult to open the book "à la Provençale"—one of the best of dishes—are rarely pre-scribed for so well as here. In fact, it is difficult to open the book without coming on a good receipt well put; and the directions for accomplishment are simple but sufficient. The book, which is plainly got up (a handsomely-got-up book intended for kitchen use is an absurdity), should be widely used, and is sure to be found useful if cooks of moderate intelligence, education, and enterprise are set to work on it

are set to work on it.

We own that the first fifty pages of Mrs. Davies' Menu Cookery Book put us in something like a bad temper. We have always been utterly unable to comprehend the use of filling page after page with such suggestions as, for instance, this—"Potato-soup, smelts, roast goose, almond-puddings, pastry, macaroni cheese." The host or hostess who is unequal to the effort of gastronomic imagination needed to draw up such a menu as this is beyond helping, and probably would not thank Mrs. Davies for help. On the other hand, it is her part to teach more promising pupils better things. When we come to the receipts themselves which are arranged in these prosaic repasts, there is less room for blame. They are practically given, and some of them are good. Mrs. Davies even appears to have some glimmerings of dry curry as opposed to the liquid mess which is all that most British cooks and cooks' oracles dream of, and many of her entrée receipts are commendable. But she should (being evidently a woman of good principles) never have admitted to her book such an abomination as "oyster and caviare sandwiches." To take a harmless oyster from his pearly bed, and instead of putting him to the proper use at once, to insert bed, and instead of putting him to the proper use at once, to insert him between two slices of bread and butter and eat him thus, is simply revolting; and the only consolation is, that he would almost infallibly slip out as the cannibal hands were raising him to the cannibal mouth.

cannibal mouth.

Breakfast and Savoury Dishes is a very useful little handbook, whose matter may atone for its manner. The plan of attempting to give the cost of each receipt and each ingredient, though no new error, is certainly an error, for the fluctuations of the market and other such things make it quite useless. To divide the separate propositions of each receipt into numbered sentences is only to be wilder stupid folk, while it irritates folk who are not stupid, and the same may be said of R.O.C.'s lavish but rather unintelligible use of italics. For instance, "when the water is quite boiling pour it over the tea" is a precept which may acquire some mystic force from the italicizing of "water" and "tea." But to the unregenerate mind it looks rather as if there were a supposed

^{*} Fhilosophy in the Kitchen. By an Old Bohemian. London: Ward & owney. 1885.

Downey. 1885. High-class Recipes of the National Training School for Cookery. By Mrs. Charles Clarke. London: W. H. Allen.

Menu Cookery Book. By Mary Davies. London: Bentley & Son. Breakfast and Savoury Diskes. By R. O. C. London: Chapman & all. 1885.

How we did without Lodgings at the Seaside. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1885.

danger of the cook trying to pour the tea when it was quite boil-ing over the water. However, the receipts to some extent redeem

danger of the cook trying to pour the tea when it was quite boiling over the water. However, the receipts to some extent redeem these little fopperies. All of them are good, and some of them are out of the common.

How we did without Lodgings at the Seaside is not a cookerybook (which is not its fault, but ours), and is a misnomer (which is not our fault, but its). It really tells in a kind of little story how a family of girls with their mother took a small furnished house, and doing, not without lodgings, but without servants, saved a good deal of money, and enjoyed themselves much more than they otherwise would. Incidentally, however, occasion is taken to give elaborate instruction in the making of some ordinary dishes, and so the little book seemed as well worth noticing in this company as in any other. It is well enough intentioned, but its author's good intentions have led her far, far from the truth when she describes salad dressing "which will keep good for weeks in a bottle." There is none such, neither will there ever be in secula seculorum.

CRIES OF LONDON.

THAT sprightly but somewhat insincere personage, Mr. Will. Honeycomb of the Spectator, hit upon a pretty phrase when he spoke admiringly of street cries as the ramage de la ville. Poor Sir Roger de Coverley, on the contrary, could not get them out of his head, or his dreams. Perhaps they have grown less musical of late years—or is it we that are more sensitive?—but our sympathies are decidedly with Sir Roger. Still those "wandering voices" that Lamb loved, and Swift amused himself by poetising, deserve an historian; and they have found one in Mr. Charles Hindley. His Cries of London (Hindley, jun.) contains a great amount of miscellaneous information on this theme, thrown together without much arrangement. Why he should tains a great amount of miscellaneous information on this theme, thrown together without much arrangement. Why he should have barred his cover with two staring white stripes that somehow suggest Indian face-painting, or burdened his text with a number of irrelevant and indifferent Bewick blocks, are questions which are not easy to answer. It must, however, be counted in his favour that the book has an index, and what is in it can readily be found.

OLD SONGS AND NEW.

THIS comely volume is the result of an attempt "to gather together in an agreeable and singable form a collection of Scottish and Highland songs, not familiar, for the most part, to the many enthusiastic admirers of the minstrelsy of Scotland." It is well printed, well papered, well illustrated, and, on the publishers at least, reflects the greatest possible credit. It has been edited and compiled with the simplicity of a cheerful self-confidence. It includes a certain number of Highland and other resolution which are "here written down it is believed for the melodies, which are "here written down, it is believed, for the first time," with a certain number of old tunes to new words and first time," with a certain number of old tunes to new words and a certain number of old words to new tunes. Among the poets drawn upon for new material are Principal Shairp, the Rev. A. Stewart ("Nether Lochaber"), Professor Blackie—"whose translations from the Gaelic speak for themselves"—and Mr. Harold Boulton, who is further responsible for an original melody. The arranger is Mr. Malcolm Lawson, who, greatly daring, has gone so far as to write us tunes for "Proud Maisie" and "The Twa Corbies," and eke for "It was a for our Rightfu' King," or of the robbest apprain all literature here done into decorption. Twa Corbies," and eke for "It was a for our Rightfu King," one of the noblest songs in all literature, here done into decorous English, and dubbed "A Jacobite Lament." As for the artists, they speak for themselves, like Professor Blackie's translations. Mr. Burne Jones must answer for the frontispiece, an illustration in the "intensest" style, of the "Jacobite Lament" aforesaid; with a charming suggestion of landscape in the background, and in front thereof two figures, one male and one female, the young counterance and no bores in his bodyn in man (with a frowning countenance and no bones in his body) in the act of turning him right and round about all on the Irish the act of turning him right and round about all on the Irish shore, the young woman in the act of posing for her back-view as a study of Preraphaelite drapery. The last picture, to the Ossianic "Maiden of Morren," is Mr. Albert Moore's; in other words, there is nothing Highland about it, but a great deal of all that is most novel in latter-day art. The best of the figure-subjects is Mr. Sandys's "Proud Maisie." She is of the right Rossetti breed, a sister of her who bides in the Blue Bower, a close kinswoman of the Donna alla Finestra. Mr. Charles Keene's "Glenlogie" is in his earlier manner, the manner of "A Good Fight" and "Once a Week" in general; its propriety in this case is imperfectly demonstrated. Sir Noel Paton in his "Lizzie Lindsay" contrives with unimpeachable accuracy and directness to suggest the line at Burlington House, with the Old Guard of the Royal Academy in full force to the front; his lovers are so very smooth and limp and Burlington House, with the Old Guard of the Royal Academy in full force to the front; his lovers are so very smooth and limp and gentle and modern and refined. Such a Ronald Macdonald is only possible in a fancy ball or a picture of Mr. Faed's; such a Lizzie were no more capable of kilting her coats of green satin than would be a heroine of Miss Yonge's. Another piece of excellent cockneyism is Mr. Schmalz's "Aye Waukin' O," in which, with nothing Scottish save a dubious tartan shawl, the maiden (Grace Macfarlane, to wit) presents the features and expression of the artist's well-known ideal, the heroine of a score of autotypes. Mr. Whistler's "Turn Ye to Me"—a mystery of stormy moonlight

and desolate shore, and wild waters—is an admirable picture; but its fashion is of the newest, and it recalls to us, not the Mairi Dhu of the song, but an Arrangement in Yellow and the great heart of Bond Street. Something of the same sort may be said of the noble "seascape" suggested to Mr. Colin Hunter by a woeful new ballad of Mr. Stewart's; a ballad of death and salt water, and the deeps "where the cold clammy seaweeds abound," while "abound" rhymes with "drowned," and, being desperately in want of a clink for "evermore," we confess that the waves make us shudder with fear as we listen and hear their wild roar; a ballad, in short, translated from the Gaelic, and speaking for itself in terms Professor Blackie may envy. The "Bonnie Stratheyre" of Mr. Smart, Mr. Lockhart's "My Love's in Germanie," Mr. Lorimer's "Loch Lomond," and Mr. McWhirter's sombre "Lament for Maclean of Ardgour," are unmistakably Scottish; so is Mr. Pettie's grim and truculent illustration of "The Twa Corbies"; and so is the pleasant picture made for "Down the Burn, Davie," by Mr. W. D. Mackay. But the Scotchmen seem, though they are not, in a strong minority; the sentiment is mostly fashionable and "æsthetic"; there is but one poor kilt in all the volume; and the general impression is of climes no further north than Hampstead. This effect is rather strengthened than otherwise by an examination of the music and the words. It was surely unnecessary

"esthetic"; there is but one poor falt in all the volume; and the general impression is of climes no further north than Hampstead. This effect is rather strengthened than otherwise by an examination of the music and the words. It was surely unnecessary to draw upon Professor Blackie's beautiful translations from the Gaelic, and the works of "Nether Lochaber" and others; it was surely superfluous for our editors to be at the pains of composing sham Scotch melodies. There are good Scots tunes to be had for the seeking, and good Scots verses, too. Some have been found for the present collection, and they are the only good things in it. Here, for instance, is "Glenlogie," dear to the heart of Mr. William Black, a ballad enchanting in its pleasantness and fresh humanity. Here is "Down the Burn, Davie," with the gayest of melodies and the most delightful of refrains. There is no better comic ditty out of Burns than "Willie's Gone to Melville Castle"; why has not room been made beside it for "The Laird of Cockpen"? We have the "Bonnie Earl of Moray"; why not the "Bonnie House o' Airlie" as well, and not merely the tune of it as a setting for the "Banks o' Loch Lomond"? Here is "My Love's in Germanie"; where is its proper pendant, the song of Randal and Lady Jean? Where, too, are "Roy's Wife," and "My Janet," and "Come under my Plaidie"? and immortal "Mary Morrison"? and "A Wee Bird Came"? and "Annie Laurie"? and all the songs worth sincing and remembering? Let the practice of Mr. Boulton "Route of the presence of Mr. Boulton "Route of the presence of Mr. Boulton "Route of the presence of Mr. Boulton and remembering? Let the practice of Mr. Boulton "Route of the presence of Mr. Boulton and remembering "Let the practice of Mr. Boulton "Route of the presence o Wee Bird Came"? and "Annie Laurie"? and all the songs worth Wee Bird Came"? and "Annie Laurie"? and all the songs worth singing and remembering? Let the practice of Mr. Boulton and Miss Macleod be answer. They give us a version—poorer than Burns's and immeasurably inferior to that preserved by Chambers—of "Aye Waukin' O"; and from this, a good thing of its kind, we turn to twaddle so smooth, and commonplace so fluent, as "O'er the Moor" and "Brown-Haired Maiden." "Her eye so mildly beaming," observes one chosen bard, with natural enthusiasm, but an imperfect understanding of the grammar-book:—

Her eye so mildly beaming, Her look so frank and free, In wakening and in dreaming Is evermore with me.

This, it is true, is one of those "translations from the Gaelic" which "speak for themselves." But this is how, under a kindred inspiration, Mr. Boulton intones his lament for Maclean of Ardgour :-

Low down by yon burn that's half hidden with heather He lurked like a lion in the lair he knew well; 'Twas there sobbed the red-deer to feel his keen dagger, There pierced by his arrow the callzie-cock fell;

and it is in terms like these that another bard presents the soul, the very essence, of his sorrow :-

O'er the moor I wander lonely, Ochon—arie, my heart is sore; Where are all the joys I cherished? With my darling they have perished, And they will return no more.

For inspiration of this sort it was hardly necessary to go to the Gaelic; any drawing-room ballad would give as good, or better. It is not the less a fact that of such is a goodly part of the present selection. With Burns on the one hand and Chambers on present selection. With Burns on the one hand and Chambers on the other, with liberty to range at will among the admirable pastiches of Allan Cunningham and the fresh, wholesome, vigorous lyrics of Hogg, with all the world of Scottish song—amatory, festive, Jacobite, patriotic, humorous—to go and come upon, our editors have stuck valiantly to Professor Blackie and other well-known Highlanders. They have produced a very pretty book; but only in the poorest sense can it be described as an anthology of "Songs of the North."

Mr. Lawson's accompaniments are neat, appropriate, and facile, if

an anthology of "Songs of the North."

Mr. Lawson's accompaniments are neat, appropriate, and facile, if a little feeble and affected. His melodic invention is not happy. In fitting the immortal words, the matchless emotional expression, of "It was a' for our Rightfu' King" (which, by the way, we have always ascribed to Robert Burns, if only for the reason that we know of none, nor will believe in the existence of anybody, else who could have written it), he would seem to have found the melody of "Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut" of considerable service. His setting of "Proud Maisie" is even less appropriate and persuasive; while as for the tune in which he has disguised the dialogue of "The Twa Corbies," it is of all existing tragic tunes the mildest-mannered and most inoffensive. It is in vain that Mr. Lawson accompanies his inspirations with such

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Songs of the North. Edited by A. C. Macleod and Harold Boulton.
 The Music arranged by Malcolm Lawson. London: Field & Tuer. 1885.

stage directions (in the Wagnerian manner) as "slow and in a tragical manner," and "sustained and sinister," and "f. and bold." They are inadequate to the situation; and they are not to be saved by any amount of such advice. Schubert and Beethoven might possibly have done justice to these three incomparable lyrics; but even they were not always successful, and they might have failed with these. Mr. Lawson may console himself with the reflection. Of Mr. Boulton's one melodic contribution to the work, an attempted equipment of the quaint and terrible lyric—

If meate or drink thou gavest nane,

Every night and all,

The fire shall burn thee to the bore bane,

And Christ receive thy saut—

we shall only say that we know of no poet more unfortunate in his musician than the poet of this "Lyke Wake Dirge." The worst is that there is no possible excuse for it. Mr. Lawson has tamed the pride of a good many Highland tunes, and taken from most of them a great deal more of their native wildness than they can weil afford to lose; but he is a musician, and none can blame a man for labouring at his vocation. Far other is the case of Mr. Boulton. Evidently he is no musician; evidently he writes verses. And he has found it impossible not to try to make a tune, and impossible to refrain from disturbing the remains of a dead poet. Of such qualities is the Abstract Amateur compacted.

POPULAR HISTORY OF EGYPT.*

CAPTAIN WATKINS'S History of Egypt has at least the merit of comprehensiveness; the reader is conducted almost without a break through a period of no less than six thousand years, beginning with the early dynasties of the ancient Empire down to the arrival of General Gordon at Khartoum and the events that foreshadowed the awful tragedy that was so soon to have a there.

events that foreshadowed the awful tragedy that was so soon to happen there.

The most conspicuous point about this work is the enormous number of woodcuts with which its pages are crowded. These, unfortunately, are all poor, some ludicrously bad, and a large number of them have no connexion whatever with the text. The whole collection, in fact, rather suggests that the book has been used as a means of utilizing a miscellaneous lot of blocks prepared for a number of cheap illustrated works on different Oriental subjects. Some of the cuts are actively misleading—as, for example, the so-called "ancient fountain," given on p. 208, together with the history of the dynasties immediately preceding the Shepherd Kings. This fountain really is an Arab work of the sixteenth century, A.D. On the next page a drawing of a wall-relief from Babylon is given as a representation of an Egyptian Royal chariot.

Kings. This fountain really is an Arab work of the sixteenth century, A.D. On the next page a drawing of a wall-relief from Babylon is given as a representation of an Egyptian Royal chariot. Similarly, at p. 213, a collection of silver ornaments, such as are now made and sold in the bazaars of Cairo, are presented to the reader as specimens of jewelry under the head of Ancient Egypt. Those cuts that do represent something connected with Egypt, and are in their right place, are mostly so slovenly in drawing and coarse in execution as to be mere caricatures of the noble temples or scenes they profess to illustrate. The steel engravings, of which there are a good many, are more satisfactory, but in most cases labour under the serious drawback of being taken from highly imaginative paintings, chiefly by German artists, who have aimed more at making a pretty picture than at giving a faithful representation of what really exists.

In his account of ancient Egypt Captain Watkins has chiefly followed English writers, such as Wilkinson, Rawlinson, and Birch; he gives a carefully compiled and not unreadable statement of what little is known about the early dynasties, without (wisely enough) committing himself to any dates, or to the solving of the hopeless problem as to whether the dynasties of Manetho were wholly consecutive or in part contemporary. The least successful section of this subject is that on the architecture and arts of the ancient Empire, which Captain Watkins, like most previous writers, treats in the lump, as if all the people of ancient Egypt had lived about the same time, and had been at one even level of development in thought and technical power. The discoveries of the last twenty years have provided ample materials for a chronological arrangement of the productions of the various arts and handicrafts of the early Egyptians, and it is much to be desired that this may be done by some more competent antiquary. Especially in the ceramic branch much progress has recently been made towards the discovery o

greens by various salts or oxides of copper and cobalt. The author also ignores the fresh light that has been thrown on the methods by which the Egyptian masons and sculptors worked the hard basalts, granites, and porphyries which dely even the best tempered and hardest modern steel. The truth is that they understood the use of diamond drills of many varieties of shape and size. Even tubular drills, the invention of which was hailed as a new discovery not many years ago, were commonly used in understood the use of diamond drills of many varieties of shape and size. Even tubular drills, the invention of which was hailed as a new discovery not many years ago, were commonly used in ancient Egypt. This is proved by the existence of blocks of granite in which are drilled holes, in the centre of which there is still remaining a sort of stick of granite standing up from the bottom of the hole—the core, that is, formed by the tubular drill. The rapidity of the spiral markings round the hole show how quickly, comparatively speaking, the drill must have sunk into the refractory stone.

refractory stone.

refractory stone.

The section on the Greeo-Egyptian kingdom is perhaps less successful in its treatment than the history of the earlier periods; for, though Captain Watkins gives a great deal of information on this head, the subject is treated in a very dull and lifeless way, making it far from pleasant reading. The cuts given here of coins are particularly bad—a thing much to be regretted, as there is no nobler series of portrait coins than the silver tetradrachms and gold octodrachms of the Lagidæ; the latter especially stand quite unrivalled among the whole number of known coins in the nobler metal. The magnificent head of Alexander the Great on a tetradrachm of Lysimachus is simply caricatured at page 428, and the rivalled among the whole number of known coins in the nobler metal. The magnificent head of Alexander the Great on a tetradrachm of Lysimachus is simply caricatured at page 428, and the same is the case with the beautiful clear-cut profile of the famous Cleopatra (page 500) taken from a coin struck conjointly by her and Marc Antony. The original of this is a very beautiful and well-executed head, purely Hellenic in type, as indeed Cleopatra was by race—a fact nearly always ignored by modern painters and sculptors, who insist upon representing her as if she were of Egyptian or even partly negro blood.

The next epoch—one of the greatest interest—" Egypt a Roman Province"—is passed over with very scant notice by the author, whose work unfortunately has been printed too soon to allow him to consult the very able and original chapter, "Die Provinzen von Caesar bis Diocletian," in the recently published fifth volume of Mommsen's History of Rome.

The last portion of this popular history consists of a good abstract from the newspaper descriptions of the war in Egypt from 1882-4. Captain Watkins reviews in a very clear and unbiassed style the events which led to the dictatorship of Arabi and the consequent British expedition. With unusual fairness he points out how very doubtful a position was occupied by the English in that campaign, Arabi being supported openly by the Sultan and secretly by the Khedive.

This book, as a whole, is a laboriously executed piece of compilation covering an immerse amount of ground, and not without and recently by the Wellian and secretly by the Captain was a whole, is a laboriously executed piece of compilation covering an immerse amount of ground, and not without without without without without without without and secretly by the way and not without without without and secretly by the covering an immerse amount of ground, and not without without without without without without without without without

This book, as a whole, is a laboriously executed piece of com-pilation covering an immense amount of ground, and not without its value to those who have not the means of studying more complete treatises on the many subjects it deals with. One cannot but regret that it is disfigured with the numerous woodcuts and fanciful pictures which crowd without illustrating this bulky

LORD HOBART'S ESSAYS AND MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

THE late Lord Hobart belonged to a class of men whose lives And works deserve commemoration, and who are also in need of it, as not being of themselves of sufficient importance A and works deserve commemoration, and who are also in need of it, as not being of themselves of sufficient importance or interest to secure a permanent place in general recollection, unless some special effort is made to secure it for them. Belonging to an old family, but not born in the direct line of succession to the peerage, which his premature death prevented him from living to inherit, he enjoyed a partial fruition only of the advantages of his birth and station; but it is clear that, in addition to his own abilities, good dispositions, and industry, he largely owed the preferment he received in life to the station and position which were not of his own creation. In common with so many other ennobled families in England, the earliest distinguished ancestors of the Hobarts were lawyers. One of them was Attorney-General to Henry VII.; his great-grandson was Chief Justice of the Common Pleas under Charles I., and a baronet. It was by a marriage between the Chief Justice's grandson and a daughter of John Hampden that the name of the great Parliamentary leader came to figure in the Hobart pedigree. Later on in the century a Hobart was Master of the Horse to William III., and was at the battle of the Boyne. The earldom of Buckinghamshire was conferred upon the fifth baronet in 1746, and his brother, who became the second earl, was Ambassador at St. Petersburg, and afterwards Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. A Lord Hobart was Governor of Madras from 1793 to 1797, and the public services of the family seem then to have ceased until they were resumed by the subject of the present notice.

He was born in 1818, the son of a clergyman, the present Earl e present notice.

of the present notice.

He was born in 1818, the son of a clergyman, the present Earl of Buckinghamshire. At Cheam School, from which he seems to have gone straight to his University, he showed some precocity as a writer of juvenile verses, which did not, however, interfere with his obtaining a Scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. During his residence there he made many friends in different sets, and left with fair

^{*} Popular History of Egypt. By Captain J. W. Watkins. London : J. Hagger.

Essays and Miscellaneous Writings. By Vere Henry, Lord Hobart.
 With a Biographical Sketch. Edited by Mary, Lady Hobart. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

classical honours. His start in life was made as private secretary to his kinsman the late Lord Ripon, by whom, also, he was appointed to a clerkship in the Board of Trade in 1840. The monotony of a clerkship in the Board of Trade in 1040. The monotony of subordinate official employment was varied two years afterwards by accompanying Sir Henry Ellis, as his secretary, on a diplomatic mission to the Emperor of Brazil. On his return to England he continued to enjoy the advantages of Lord Ripon's patronage, which gave him opportunities of becoming acquainted with higher phases of official duty than those incident to his ordinary work at the Board of Trade. The cultivation of literature and art, with a phases of official duty than those incident to his ordinary work at the Board of Trade. The cultivation of literature and art, with a very restricted resort to general society, and an indulgence in the enjoyment of fine natural scenery when available, appear to have constituted Mr. Hobart's chief relaxations from compulsory work. Many contributions to light periodical literature of considerable merit are reprinted in the present volumes, and they are well entitled to be thus rescued from oblivion. The descriptions of beautiful country, and of travel, furnish very good reading. But serious political and social questions also engaged his thoughts and his pen. The repeal of the Corn-laws, the state of Ireland, and the Prince Consort's Schools of Design are mentioned as having given occasion to articles which, from the extracts given, do not seem to have been of any remarkable strength or originality. The private letters which have been printed disclose an amiable character, with humane, refined, and delicate feelings, of unusual modesty and reserve, and in consequence without any vehement promptings of ambition to take an active or forward part in life. Earnest but very tolerant in religious opinion, as became the friend and admirer of Arthur Stanley and Frederick Denison Maurice; engaged in practical work, but with a disposition to dwell in dreamland; a true friend of the working classes, but much influenced by the views of Mr. T. Hughes and those of the present Marquess of Ripon, at one time so much associated with the last in the promotion of the Cooperative movement and so-called Christian Socialism. On one occasion Lord Hobart gave an unmistakable proof of the extent to which he was ready to support his convictions. For in 1855, believing the Crimean War to be "stupid, brutal, and useless," he resigned the post of private secretary which he held to Sir George Grey, then at the Colonial Office, in order to be at liberty to oppose resigned the post of private secretary which he held to Sir George Grey, then at the Colonial Office, in order to be at liberty to oppose

Grey, then at the Colonial Office, in order to be at liberty to oppose the warlike policy of the Government.

After twenty years of experience at the Board of Trade and in his other political work, Lord Hobart was considered of sufficient standing and importance to be appointed a member of the financial mission to Turkey which was sent out in 1861. He despaired of success in bringing the affairs of an almost bankrupt State, without any serious desire to assist itself, into good order; but he conceived a good opinion of the "unspeakable" Turk. He got to like him much, and wrote an opinion of him which is at the present moment peculiarly well worth quoting. He found, "as usual, that in hating and despising the Turks, as we Britons do, we have only given another instance of our folly and vulgarity." And when Lord Hobart wrote this he could never have dreamed of the enormous waste of life and treasure, of the lost opportunities, and of the woful destruction of national prestige and power which an obstinate indulgence in this folly and vulgarity has caused during the last five years of English policy abroad.

In 1863 Lord Hobart left the Board of Trade to become

In 1863 Lord Hobart left the Board of Trade to become Director-General of the Ottoman Bank. He was appointed Governor of Madras in 1872; but did not fulfil the usual term of

office, losing his life at his post from typhoid fever after having served in it for three years.

The second volume contains several political essays, together with letters and minutes on Indian subjects.

STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING may fairly be said to have accomplished the aim proposed to himself in this series—that the Readers "should be readable and should be history."

The first book consists of stories mainly biographical, ranging over all parts of English history, and told in the simplest possible language. Poetical pieces of an easy and simple character—e.g. Mrs. Hemans's "Pilgrim Fathers" and "Casabianca," Southey's "Blenheim," and Campbell's "Napoleon and the Sailor"—are indiciously interpolated.

"Blenheim," and Campbell's "Napoleon and the Sanor—are judiciously interpolated.

The second volume, intended for readers somewhat more mature, covers the period of English history before the Tudors. The stories mainly consist of extracts—poetical as well as prose—from Cowper, Scott, Shakspeare, the ancient chroniclers, e.g. Bede, Asser, Orderic, and William of Malmesbury, and others. Froissart and modern writers are likewise laid under requisition. The third and fearth volumes cover the ground respectively from the Tudors and modern writers are likewise laid under requisition. The third and fourth volumes cover the ground respectively from the Tudors to the Restoration, and from the Restoration to the present day. The interpolated extracts are mainly drawn from Burnet, Clarendon, Gardiner, and Macaulay; but to these are added poetical pieces from Milton, Dryden, Scott, Campbell, and others. The volumes are profusely illustrated with woodcuts, and notes are added explanatory of allusions and the meanings of uncommon words.

The design and execution of the series are alike good. The many similar publications being issued at present, even if they

subserve no higher purpose, at least testify in the most unmistak-able manner to the healthy stimulus which has been lately given to the long-neglected study of the history of our own country and

BURNELL AND HOPKINS'S ORDINANCES OF MANU.

SINCE the publication of Sir William Jones's translation of Manu, Sanskrit studies have made more than a century's progress in all departments, but nowhere more incontestably than in the criticism and estimation of the Law-books; though even in the criticism and estimation of the Law-books; though even the crude logic by which that pioneer tried to fix the date of his author was infinitely better than anything his Pandits could have excegitated:—"I am enabled to fix with more exactness the probable age of the work before us, and even to limit its highest possible age, by a mode of reasoning which may be thought new, but will be found, I persuade myself, satisfactory; the Sanscrit of the three Vedas, that of the Manava-dharma-sastra, and that of the Puranas differ from each other in pretty exact proportion to the Latin of Numa, Appius, and Cicero; if the several changes, therefore, of Latin and Sanscrit took place, as we may fairly assume, in times very nearly proportional, the Vedas must have been written three hundred years before these Institutes, and about six hundred before the Puranas and Itihásas." Any one who reads the Introductions to the recent translations of Hindu Codes, six hundred before the Puranas and Itihasas." Any one who reads the Introductions to the recent translations of Hindu Codes, in which literary chronology is reduced almost to an exact science, will not doubt that the corner-stone in the building is the discovery of the real value of such names as Manu, propounded by. Max Müller in his *History of Sanskrit Literature*, which, like Anaxagoras's vovs, when all was in confusion, came and introduced order.

Of Dr. Burnell's intended Translations of Manu and Yājāa-valkya, only a fragment, consisting of little more than half the former with an unfinished Introduction, was found in his papers, and is now placed before the public under the editorship and with the supplements of Dr. Hopkins. The former meritorious scholar had set about the work with his well-known carefulness; the list had set about the work with his well-known carefulness; the list of unpublished native commentators whom he and his successor have epitomized would alone be evidence of this. The earlier of these were familiar names already, owing to their frequent citation by Kullūka. The following paragraph illustrates the troubles for which manuscript-hunters must be prepared:—

After him (i.e. Govindarāja) came a commentary by the famous Mādhava-Sāyana, who lived in the fourteenth century. This work appears to be in existence, but I have not been able to find it or trace it in any library. I have met one Pandit who told me he possessed it, but I never could be to sink the fit. library. I have get a sight of it.

Intrary. I have met one Pandit who told me he possessed it, out I never con-a get a sight of it.

On the whole, the reputation of Kullüka, whose gloss Sir William Jones regarded as "the shortest yet the most luminous, the least ostentatious yet the most learned, the deepest yet the most agreeable commentary composed on any author, ancient or modern, European or Asiatic," scarcely suffers from the fuller publication of his rivals. Good commentaries are not rare in India. Professor Jolly is nearly as enthusiastic about the interpreter of Apastamba. That Manu represents the institutions of modern India is a superstition which has rather been refuted than eradicated. But no one had performed the useful task of pointing out where the system is obsolete and where it corresponds to living facts. Dr. Burnell's fragmentary observations on this subject offer to the European Sanskritist in his study a fund of knowledge which he would otherwise have difficulty in acquiring. We trust that some competent scholar will find it worth his while to finish this work which Dr. Burnell barely began; though few will have the same acquaintance with India and the same appreciative humour as he. On the Asura marriage (iii. 31), defined as the "gift (? taking) of a maiden voluntarily after having presented to the kinsmen and the maiden wealth as much as he the suitor can," we are told:—

This form is practised at the present day by people claiming to be Rrahmans. e.g. the Laiva Brahmans. edged "Gurkial" in Southern

This form is practised at the present day by people claiming to be Brahmans, e.g. the Çaiva Brahmans, called "Gurukkal" in Southern India, who seldom can get wives for less than a thousand rupees. It often happens that low-caste girls are palmed off on them!

The words (ii. 72) "offering of food is the sacrifice to all beings" give occasion to the interesting observation:—

"Offering of food"—i.e. the fragments of morning and evening meals are thrown up in the air at the house door, with some sentences addressed to inferior gods. It appears to me that this is one of the chief causes which make India a land of vermin. Crows, squirrels, ants, and all kinds of pests exist there in surprising numbers which are not found in other tropical countries—e.g. Java.

The law that a Gudra's name must be contemptible is obsolete (i. 31); but so too is the prohibition (iii. 9) "not to marry a woman called after a star, a tree, or a river, nor one with a terrifying name." Dr. Burnell observes:—

Indian women of the lower classes have still very extraordinary names. 1 have met with "Insect," "Spittle"... as names of women on the Malabar coast... Some prohibited names are used for women nowadays—e.g. Gangū, which is inadmissible as the name of a river (Gangos).

The warning immediately preceding, "Not to marry a tawny maiden (i.e. one whose hair is auburn or golden)," is justified rather quaintly. "Lombroso finds that female criminals are often marked by an excessive growth of hair on the head."

Of style, diction, and scholarship in this translation we shall say

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^{*} Griffith and Farran's Educational Series - Historical Readers 08. 1-4. Stories from English History. By Oscar Browning.

The Ordinances of Manu. Translated from the Sanskrit, with an Introduction by the late Arthur Cooke Burnell, Ph.D., C.I.E. Completed and Edited by E. W. Hopkins, Ph.D., of Columbia College, N.Y. London: Trübner & Co.

very little; chiefly because we feel convinced that the work was not intended for publication in its present form, in spite of the condition in which Dr. Hopkins found the MS. Different scholars have their own methods of working, and the most firished productions may have looked strange at early stages. In no case do we gain by being taken into the laboratory. We believe, therefore, that Dr. Hopkins is guilty of mistaken reverence in recording obvious errors in Dr. Burnell's MS. when he corrects them; and still more in leaving unnoticed blemishes, of which from the style of his own portion of the work we know he cannot have been ignorant. Phrases like "Let him not shampoo his Guru's son's limbs," "The gods take one who injures Dharma to be an outcast," "Sport, dice . . . liquor . . . are the tenfold class of vices arising from lust" are strange substitutes for the classical English of Sir William Jones, and would, we think, have been altered by the author in the proof-sheets. This slight remonstrance is all we venture to address to the learned editor, whose own share in this volume consists of thorough and accurate whose own share in this volume consists of thorough and accurate work which will not quickly be forgotten; unless—as we see that a translation of Manu is promised for the Sacred Books of the East—it will have to endure the fate of the best scientific effort, which is to be merged in something better.

SOME BOOKS ON ART.

THE republication of this early work of Winckelmann's deserves notice. At the time when it was first published, more than a hundred and twenty years ago, art-criticism, and especially the criticism of Greek and Roman art, was in by no means a satisfactory state. The best criticism was, as had long been the case, to be found in Italy, or among those foreigners who had made Italy their home. Most of the chief masterpieces of modern painting were then in that country, as indeed they still are, although not a few have now gone to galleries elsewhere. With regard to painting, the critics of the day had an advantage to which we cannot pretend. They found a large number of pictures, especially frescoes, in a much better condition than that in which we can now see them; and many, such as the famous Correggios at Parma, that we can only see as wrecks, they saw in their full beauty. But in sculpture our experience is much wider than theirs. The late Græco-Roman sculpture was practically all that they knew, and the rediscovery of the true masterpieces of Greek art came after their time. Still Winckelmann, working without the knowledge which we now possess, marked an epoch in art-criticism. The little book before us is his earliest and elightest, and was written before he left Germany for Italy, and before he acquired the knowledge accessible nowhere out of Italy. Like Goethe, but earlier, he urges on his readers to study the Greek in art wherever they could find it. But a proof of the immaturity of his artistic judgment is shown by his putting on a level, as students of the antique, Poussin, Raphael, and Michel-Angiolo. But throughout the little treatise we see signs that he had grasped the main facts and principles of art as few certainly at his time had done. And he had a quality rare to be found among art-critics, that of perfect common sense and sobriety. If we find ourselves differing from him, the reason generally is that we all have access to sources of knowledge which were not to be got at in his time. It must hav which was written when he was comparatively young and before he had the chance of seeing more than a very limited number of works of art, many of which were of by no means the first order. But the judgment and discrimination shown will strike every reader. He lays especial stress on the "noble simplicity and calm grandeur" of Greek art, and his admiration of Bernini was probably nothing more than an acquiescence in a popular fashion of the day.

bably nothing more than an acquiescence in a popular fashion of the day.

This volume, compiled or translated chiefly from Signor Milanesi's comments on Vasari, is a useful addition to our knowledge of Italian art. The book in the English form has, however, the drawback that it consists of a volume of notes, which, read apart from the work annotated, is the cause of no small trouble to a reader who has to go from the original to the emendations and back again, with an attention the more troublesome the more painstaking he may happen to be. Vasari has certainly put the lives of Italian painters and the spirit of Italian art before the world in such a way, that in reading him we seem to be living over again the life of the time which he describes. But, as Dr. Richter says, and as many have said before, he needs emendation. He aimed at giving a lifelike picture of the artist about whom he was writing, and he accepted any current stories about him without much inquiry. He succeeded in producing one of the most interesting and valuable books which have ever been written

Gedanken über die Nachahmung der griechischen Werke in der Malerei und Bildhauerkunst. Von J. J. Winckelmann. Heilbronn: Henninger.

tes on Vasari's Lives. By G. P. Richter, Ph.D. London: George Notes on Vasari Bell & Sons. 1885.

Sammlung ausgewählter Biographien Vasari's. Berlin: Wilhelm Hertz.

Dis Loogia dei Lonzi zu Florenz. Von Dr. Karl Frey. Berlin:
Wilhelm Hertz. 1885.

on the subject of art, but one which, in the light of modern criticism, needs the revision given by Signor Milanesi and used by Dr. Richter. We should say that Dr. Richter fully acknowledges his obligations to all whom he is indebted to. There are many needful corrections to be made in Vasari's work, and the notes and

needful corrections to be made in Vasari's work, and the notes and alterations which recent students of art have made to it render it now one of the most accurate, as it was always the most interesting and picturesque, contributions to the history of Italian art.

The edition of Vasari's Life of Donatello, brought out by Herr Karl Frey, is a proof of the interest shown on the subject in Germany. Probably a "collection" of chosen biographies is the best form in which to make Vasari popular, just as such a carefully annotated edition is the best means by which to make his work useful to scholars. Dr. Frey brings complaints against the editing of Signor Milanesi, into which we have not the space to enter. A good deal of personal feeling is shown in the preface, which on of Signor Milanesi, into which we have not the space to enter. A good deal of personal feeling is shown in the preface, which on such a subject might have been very well spared and which does not instruct the reader. The editing seems to have been done with care and judgment. This book gives a full account, with abundant documentary evidence, of the history and building of the "Loggia dei Lanzi" at Florence. Whether the subject deserves nearly four hundred pages of close print is a matter for reflection. Dr. Frey has shown the laborious industry which marks the German Professor in compiling such a work, which will probably prove useful to others who may wish to refer to the subject in a more popular manner. We have hardly ever met with a more unreadable book, even from the pen of a German Professor. It is melancholy to see so much knowledge and genuine rosearch turned to so little account. In reading this book we seem to be wading through a dictionary, full of information, but absolutely unreadable except as a book of reference. As such it is valuable.

AMBUSHES AND SURPRISES.

TEMPTATION common to those who have achieved some A measure of literary success has happened to Colonel Malleson, and he has yielded to it. He has written several works that have and he has yielded to it. He has written several works that have been well received; they have each been duly criticized in these columns, and there is therefore no need to speak of them particularly now. In each of these he appeared to us to write because he knew something special of the subject he took in hand, and wanted to say it. In writing the volume before us, his chief aim appears to have been the production of a book of a certain size. Some parts of it, we willingly admit, are fully up to the standard of his former works. For example, in the account he gives of the surprise of Fink at Maxen, and in his last chapter on the surprises at Árah and Ázamgarh, it is easy to see that he is writing on subjects he knows. If, however, no chapters save those of which as much can be said were allowed to remain in his book, it would be considerably reduced in bulk and improved in quality. Two special points may be noted as bearing out our in quality. Two special points may be noted as bearing out our opinion that in his Ambushes and Surprises Colonel Malleson has, to some extent at least, been guilty of bookmaking. In parts he has simply followed the lead of others. Writing, as he has chosen to write, not merely the records of certain military events, but summaries of long periods of general history, he has but summaries of long periods of general history, he has naturally been led to trust to what others who have worked at particular subjects have made out for themselves. In one case naturally been led to trust to what controlled a particular subjects have made out for themselves. In one case to which we shall presently refer, and we are inclined to think in more than one case, he is indebted in an extraordinary degree to the labours of others even for the purely military part of his work. The second ground of our complaint has already been hinted at. His book purports to relate ten of "the most famous instances of the leading into ambush and surprise of armies." Now these instances, even if told with all the circumstances properly belonging to them, could not take up the number of pages that Colonel Malleson seems to have set himself to write. And he has therefore filled about half his volume with records of events that have no immediate bearing on his subject. Weighted

that Colonel Malleson seems to have set himself to write. And he has therefore filled about half his volume with records of events that have no immediate bearing on his subject. Weighted by these two encumbrances, by the use of second-hand matter, and by the wish to fill a given amount of space, he has failed to produce as readable a volume as those he has hitherto given us.

In the list of authorities for the chapter on the battle by the Trasimene lake Colonel Malleson acknowledges his "special obligations" to the Histoire d'Annibal of M. Hennebert, upon which he says he has "indented largely and often." Even these expressions feebly represent the fact that nearly the whole of his story, from the birth of Hannibal to the battle on the Trebia, consists of such "indentations." The histories of Livy, Polybius, Appian, "and other ancient writers," we are told, have also been studied. This is well, but it would be better if some signs of this independent study were visible. The only point on which M. Hennebert does not appear to us to speak plainly is the value to be attached to the story that Hannibal's attack on Saguntum was disapproved of by the Carthaginian senate. Colonel Malleson accordingly leaves out the matter altogether, though one would have thought that no student of Polybius could have missed his quotation from Fabius and his criticism on it, or have read the passage without considering how far that criticism is borne out by facts. The question, though not immediately affecting the action at the Trasimene lake, has at least more to do with it than Hamilcar's war in Spain. After reading how the Carthaginian army crossed the Rhone, the

Ambushes and Surprises. By Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. London:
 Allen & Co. 1885.

infantry passing over in cances made of single trunks ("pirogues monoxyles, vide Polybius," is added in a note), we come to the question of the route which Hannibal took across the Alps. English and German scholars generally agree in believing that his march lay over the Little St. Bernard. Colonel Malleson follows his French guide in preferring the pass over Mont Genèvre, and writes as though no other opinion was worth notice. M. Hennebert's work is too important to be criticized in a review of a mere abstract from it. Without giving any reason for his adherence, Colonel Malleson copies him in rejecting the line of march over Mont du Chat, by the Chevelu Pass, and up the Isère, and follows Hannibal from Grenoble by the Ancelle, and thence to the descent of La Pioly. Here M. Hennebert places the conflict with the people Polybius calls Allobroges. He prefers, however, to call them Katoriges, and gives his reason for doing so. He is followed by Colonel Malleson, who, in spite of his study of Polybius, does not give any reason for this apparent discrepancy. The town taken after this conflict is set down at Chorges. In his account of the attack made, as M. Hennebert believes, by the Brigiani, when the army was in a gorge on the way to Briançon, Colonel Malleson only notices "the white rock" to which Hannibal led half his infantry as "a commanding position," though the passage in Polybius (δωτ' ἀναγκασθήναι τὸν 'Αννίβαν μετὰ τῆς ἡμισείας δυνάμεως νυκτερεύσαι περί τι λευκόπετρον ὀχυρόν, iii. 53) contains such an interesting bit of local description that it is odd that it should be thus slurred over, especially as those who hold to the Little St. Bernard route believe that it confirms their view. It is not worth while to bring further illustrations of Colonel Malleson's dependence on M. Hennebert. The Histoire d'Annibal is the work of a scholar, its companion Atlas alone is a noble production, and we look forward to its completion with pleasure; but M. Hennebert's conclusions without his reasons for them are practica

The reader will not turn many pages without finding that Colonel Malleson has used "padding" at least as freely as second-hand material. Some things that puzzled us in a writer professing to be a student of Polybius seemed clearer when, in the ing to be a student of Polybius seemed clearer when, in the list of authorities for the chapter headed Roncesvalles, we found Eginhard's Vita Karoli Magni quoted as "Vie de Charlemagne par Eginhard." And though we felt that to quote Eginhard in any shape looked hopeful, we marvelled to find fifteen pages devoted to an event he records in not many more lines. Not but that fifteen pages and more might well be taken up with tracing the rise and development of the most famous of the romances that have gathered round the name of Charlemagne, with discussions on the song of the minstrel Taillefer at Hastings—

De Karlemaine, è de Rollant, E d'Oliver, è des vassals, Ki moururent en Renchevals ;

De Karlemaine, è de Rollant,
E d'Oliver, è des vassals,
Ki moururent en Renchevals;
on the poem which goes by the name of the trouvère Turold, on
the "Song of Alta bicar," and on other kindred matters. This,
however, is not the line Colonel Malleson takes. A large part of
the chapter simply consists of a summary of the wars of the
Carolingian house from the birth of Charles Martel to 778, and the
remainder of an account of the surprise of Roncesvalles, as told in
the Chanson de Roland, a poem as worthless for historical purposes
as it is valuable to the student of literature. We should be glad
to know the authority for the picture given in the earlier part of
the chapter of the luxurious life of Thierri IV. and of the "beautiful and compliant ladies of his court." We confess to knowing
little about this shadowy king; is there much to know? One of
the very few things, however, that is known about him is that he
held a synod for the reformation of morals. When, too, Colonel
Malleson wrote that "Charlemagne introduced into war influences
of a civilizing character," had he happened to have read Eginhard's
account of the massacre of 4,500 Saxons on the Aller? A more
extraordinary case of "padding" could scarcely be found than
the composition of the chapter headed "Kerkoporta," the name
of a gate that the Turks found undefended when they stormed
Constantinople. This incident is prefaced by eighty pages devoted
to a summary of the history of the Ottomans, beginning with the
flight of Sulaimán in 1224. A vast number of facts are crowded
together, apparently with the one object of filling up space. Nor
does the surprise of the gate appear to us to have been of such
overwhelming importance as Colonel Malleson makes it. The
defence was weakened by the retirement of Giustiniani, and the
fate of the city was determined by the attack led by Hassan of
Ulubad. Still the surprise made men feel that all was lost, and
the greatness of the occasion invests every particular of the storm
with peculiar interest. We observe that the

In most of the chapters on the surprises of modern times Colonel Malleson acquits himself better than when he treats of earlier events. He should not, however, have written his description of the defeat of Braddock at Fort Duquesne so soon after the publication of Mr. Parkman's Montcolm and Woife. In his record of the surrender of Maxen he is quite at his best, and the chapter is altogether too good for much of the company in which it is to be found. The successful resistance with which Lecourbe met the attack of Souvoroff on the St. Gothard is made the occasion of a somewhat too closely packed chapter on the campaign of the summer of 1799. After twenty pages containing notices of the wars between the Russians and the Turks from the accession of Peter the Great, we have a spirited account of the battle of Inkerman, based on the works of Mr. Kinglake and Sir Edward Hamley. In his last chapter Colonel Malleson is on ground that he has made peculiarly his own. The surprise and destruction of Captain Dunbar's little force at Arah by Kunwar Singh, and the brilliant victory gained by Lord Mark Kerr over the same chief near Azamgarh, are told with clearness and vigour. Whether either of these events is entitled to rank among the most famous instances of surprises is, however, another matter. "The battle of Azamgarh," we are told, "stands out as the only instance in history in which an army surprised by an enemy lying in ambush for it succeeded in defeating the surprisers." The battle of Dettingen occurs to us as another and more famous instance, though, by the way, the French deny the defeat. Colonel Malleson writes so pleasantly when he is engaged on subjects that are familiar to by the way, the French deny the defeat. Colonel Malleson writes so pleasantly when he is engaged on subjects that are familiar to him that it is a pity that he should not confine himself to them.

DODGSON'S SUPPLEMENT TO EUCLID AND HIS MODERN

RIVALS.*

CIX years ago Mr. C. H. Dodgson published Euclid and his Modern Rivals, in which he gave the world to understand that there is but one Euclid, and Mr. Dodgson is his prophet. About the same time Professor Henrici published his little book on Elementary Geometry (in the "London Science Class-books" series, 1879), to which we then called attention as a notable addition to the non-Euclidean resources for geometrical teaching. Mr. Dodgson, having taken six years to consider Mr. Henrici's work, now gives us his criticism thereon. Dealing with a mathematician of at least equal standing and acknowledged competence with himself, Mr. Dodgson assumes a tone of superiority like that of an usher correcting a very small schoolboy's exercise. There was a good deal of this kind of flippancy in Euclid and his Modern Rivals; but the present specimen, if we can trust our memory, is worse. One bit of terminology over which Mr. Dodgson is especially merry happens to be adopted by Mr. Henrici from Professor Sylvester. One would scarcely have expected an Oxford geometer to treat the Savilian Professor Henrici is, for he writes "M. Henrici," though Professor Henrici is, for he writes "M. Henrici," though Professor Henrici is, for he writes "M. Henrici," though Professor Henrici never was a Frenchman, has been many years settled in England, and is no more "Monsieur" than his critic is Herr or Kyrios Dodgson. At all events, Mr. Dodgson, or Ehrwürdiger Herr Dodgson) shows himself to be incorrigible, and so we have no more to say to him. It is something to be an able mathematician with a pretty turn for minute criticism and unlimited facility of smart writing; something, but not enough to confer the privileges of genius.

VICTOR HUGO'S TABLE-TALK.

NOW that we have come to an age of scientific criticism, when an apt anecdote is held to be of more importance than a laborious treatise, it is not at all likely that any great man will hereafter lack his Boswell, his Eckermann, or his Busch. M. Richard Lesclide is more like the Busch of Bismarck than the Boswell of Johnson; but it is not easy to be a Boswell—ne fait pase e tour qui veut. Boswell was the greatest artist in his line whom the world has ever seen; and no man, by merely taking thought, can hope to rival his unrivalled work. M. Lesclide is thought, can hope to rival his unrivalled work. M. Leselide is not even an Eckermann; for he has not the plodding precision of that faithful disciple, who set down the words of Goethe as they fell from the master's lips, in the spirit the master most approved—ohne Hast, ohne Rast. It is to be remembered, however, that Victor Hugo had accepted the advice of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table that Every Man should be his own Boswell. In the two stately tomes of Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie, the pen may be the pen of Mme. Victor Hugo, but the hand is the hand of Victor Hugo himself; so obviously was this the case that it created little or no remark when the book was included in the new definitive and ne varietur edition of the poet's complete works. This limits the opportunities of M. Leselide; and perhaps he has not altogether availed himself to best advantage of those that remained to him. Not a little of his book is not strictly table-talk, and not a little of it is not

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^{*} Supplement to "Euclid and his Modern Rivals": containing a Notice of Henric's Geometry, together with Selections from the Reviews. London: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

† Propos de table de Victor Hugo. Recueillis par Richard Lesclida. Paris: Dentu. 1885.

exactly new, having appeared here and there in French newspapers, in M. Claretie's Vie à Paris in the Temps, and elsewhere. But when due allowance is made for these defects, enough is left to warrant our acceptance of the book as welcome and valuable. After the performances of certain postilent private secretaries, after the late A. J. Pons's shameful treatment of Sainte-Beuve, for instance, and after M. Pifteau's exhibition of Alexandre Dumas in his shirt-sleeves, it is very pleasant to find that M. Lesclide is not a private secretary of this kind, and that there is in his book no uncovering of nakedness. His work is quite decorous in all ways, as the Frenchman nowadays understands decorum.

The note of the publisher prefixed to the book informs us that M. Lesclide made minutes of Hugo's sayings and doings from day to day. It is to be regretted that he did not follow Eckermann's example, and give them to us in chronological sequence. He has

to day. It is to be regretted that he did not follow Eckermann's example, and give them to us in chronological sequence. He has preferred instead to classify them into chapters. Of these chapters the first on the children, and the last on religion, are by far the most interesting and the most important. Nothing in Hugo's life is more graceful or more refreshing than his unending delight in children. We might almost parody a famous line in *Marion Delorme*, and say that their love had remade his youth. In M. Lesclide's pages we see that in these last years the children were the tyrants of the house. Mile. Jeanne seems to have been like the little girl in Longfellow's nursery-rhyme—when she was good, she was very, very good, but when she was bad, she was horrid. Once she had been naughty, and her mother had to deprive her of her dessert. Victor Hugo said that, if she could not eat any, he would not. Now the poet was like a healthy child in his fondness for sweets. Unfortunately Mile Leanne was no better the rout day, and eggin the poet kent was like a healthy child in his fondness for sweets. Unfortunately Mlle. Jeanne was no better the next day, and again the poet kept her company in her deprivation. A third day the little girl transgressed, and the poet had no dessert. The third evening, as it happened, Mlle. Jeanne fell asleep early, and was taken to bed before the fruit was placed on the table. The mother besought the poet to eat his favourite fruit. "No," said the grandfather, "I shall not eat any. A man must keep his word always, even when he gives it to his granddaughter." His grandchildren called him "Papapa!" He was very fond of playing innocent tricks on them; and to this end he had invented a game of cherries, in which he took a double share for himself while pretending to make an even division. "One for me, one for you, and one for me," and then a pause, after which he began again, "one for me, one for you, and one for me." Generally it took the puzzled child a minute or two to denounce the flagrant injustice of this division. Throughout this chapter there is abundant evidence that one for you, and one for me." Generally it took the puzzled child a minute or two to denounce the flagrant injustice of this division. Throughout this chapter there is abundant evidence that even to the end Victor Hugo retained in private life at least, and especially with his children, some slight sense of humour; although even in his earliest play, Cromwell, his humour is forced and cold, and after Ruy Blas it seemed to have evaporated altogether. His strong sense of his own dignity did not prevent his thrusting sly jests at his grandchildren. There were certain tales which he was wont to tell them, and which M. Lesclide, having overheard, has set down for us here in black and white. There was the tale of the Good Flea and the Wicked King; there was the tale of the Dog changed into an Angel; and there was the tale of the Ass with two Big Ears. There was also the tale of the Hermit—but of this he was never allowed to get beyond the beginning, for reasons which M. Lesclide gives. Of this varied repertory the tale of the Good Flea and the Wicked King seems to us the best, for it is at once simple and profound—as a child's story should be. M. Lesclide does not confirm the current anecdote that, when his young tyrants oppressed him beyond endurance, he made the hero of his tale thirsty, and took him into a café, where he ordered a cup of coffee, and in the meanwhile read the newspaper; at this point in the tale Hugo would

un vaste édifice désert qui inspire l'ennui et que ne remplit aucune horreur sacrée." And he could see nothing truly religious in a Aoreur sacrée." And he could see nothing truly religious in a place where mass was said just over Voltaire, and where confessions were heard just over Rousseau. M. Lesclide gives a detailed report of certain dialogues between Hugo and his directeur de conscience under the Restoration, who was none other than Lamennais, and who left the Church himself before he could bring Hugo into it. But in freeing himself from the trammels of all creeds Hugo could not surrender all his superstitions; he confessed that he was afraid to be one of thirteen at table. "He never discussed the question; he told a host of cases and of circumstances in which the number thirteen had been fatal to him and to his sons." Care was taken always to avoid the unfortunate number, and, if it was attained by mischance or miscalculation, the children were made to dine at a side-table, which did not always please them. M. Lesclide records the sudden and unexpected arrival of a thirteenth one evening in January 1879, whereupon "I

took my hat and yielded my place to him. But this did not prevent the misfortune from happening. Little Jeanne, drawing too near to the fire, was caught by the flames, which burnt her dress." With another quotation from M. Lesclide we must take leave of a book which, if not quite as good as it might be, is welcome and valuable. Victor Hugo believed in God and in the immortality of the soul. Some of the more revolutionary of his admirers did not approve of his attitude on these subjects. One day the delegate of some destructive association came in boldly and brusquely, and accosting the citizen Victor Hugo, he declared categorically the points of difference between his fellows and the poet, warning Hugo that he was in danger of losing his popularity if he persisted in his game. "A quel jeu, monsieur?" asked Hugo calmly and politely. "A vos histoires de l'autre monde. Etes-vous avec nous ou avec les bondieuzards?" "Je suis avec ma conscience," was the poet's characteristic reply. "Est-ce votre dernier mot?" asked the delegate, adducing further arguments, and finally declaring, "Voyons, il n'y a pas de milien; il faut choisir entre nous et le bon Dieu." "Eh bien," says Hugo, "je choisis le bon Dieu!"

THE BOOK OF THEL.

The Book of thel.

It was soundly observed by Mr. Gilchrist in his Life of William Blaks that the artist's designs could only very inadequately be translated by any engraver's copy. In spite of all recent improvements in mechanical art-reproduction, this truth has lost none of its force. Faithful simulation of Blake's work necessitates the employment of means as nearly identical with the artist's arbitrary method as it is possible to command. This, of course, demands deft handicraft and genuine artistic sympathy. Mr. William Muir's facsimile of The Book of Thel is an admirable specimen of the art of reproduction carried out in the only spirit permissible with Blake's works. The excellent edition of facsimiles of which The Book of Thel is an example is limited to fifty copies of each work, which, it may be mentioned, are to be obtained of Mr. Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly. Genuine copies of Blake's works vary somewhat in the colour of the lettering and the quality of the tints used in the designs. Mr. Gilchrist, we believe, speaks of the text of The Book of Thel as red, whereas in Mr. Muir's facsimile of the British Museum copy it is yellow approximating to dead gold. Mr. Muir's copy preserves all that is individual and spiritual in the original, besides rendering the technical qualities with singular fidelity. It is almost entirely produced by hand labour, and should give the utmost satisfaction to all lovers of Blake for whom the excessively rare originals are beyond attainment. The exact extent of hand-work in Blake's poems and poetic books is still a problem. The marvellous designs in the fine copy of The Song of Los in the British Museum greatly exercised the criticism of D. G. Rossetti; they could not, he admitted, be absolutely the work of Blake's hand; yet he was unable to detect the auxiliary process employed by the artist. The pure and tender colour, the limpid tints, the exquisite charm and simplicity of the designs in The Book of Thel suggest no such mysteries of technique; the work is akin to The Daughters of Albion, and the very characteristic design, The Act of Creation.

RECENT VERSE.

THE muse of modern poets is seldom imaged in our minds with finger at lip, like Harpocrates. The long period of taciturnity at length broken by Miss Ingelow is little characteristic of the garrulous race of bards. The mute muse must have been frequently supplicated by admirers of her powers. "Why art thou silent? Is thy song a plant of such weak growth it cannot bear the sun of poets new, and the popular Mr. Morris (of Penbryn)? Not less popular thou, is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?"

[•] The Book of Thel. The Author & Printer, Will^m. Blake. 1789. † Poems. By Jean Ingelow. Third Series. London: Longmans

^{1885.}Ballads; and other Poems. By George Roberts Hedley. London: Walter

Scott. 1885.

Verus: a Roman Story. By Benjamin Gott Kinnear. London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

Selected Poems from Michelangelo. Edited by Ednah D. Cheney. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1885.

Greek Lays, Idyla, Legends, &c. Translated by E. M. Edmonds. London: Trübner & Co. 1885.

The Layle of the Taylor By Edward Crossedule. London: Elliot

London: Trübner & Co. 1885.

The Lady of the Tower. By Edward Croasdaile. London: Elliot Stock. 1885.

Ballads and Dreams. By Tom Ferguson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

Leonidos: or, The Bridal of Thanatos. By Frederick Harvey Barling. London: Wyman & Sons. 1885.

Louise de la Vallière; and other Poems. By Katherine Tynan. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

Sent Back by the Angels; and other Ballads. By Frederick Langbridge. Leeds: Fletcher & Co. 1885. Cornish Ballads. By the late Rev. R. S. Hawker. London and Oxford 2 arker & Co.

Doubtless some such pleading touched the poet's heart, and now the fruit of meditative silence is ours. On the whole, the new volume is not equal to its predecessors. The inferiority is more marked in the lyrical poetry, in which Miss Ingelow has shown uncommon individuality of expression and the truest note of spontaneity. There is no lyric in this third series that is comparable in music and grace to the "High Tide," or to the "Songs of Seven," and many another charming flower of fancy. The blank verse in the volume is scarcely handled with the old facility or modulated with the old art; its periods are a little hard and angular at times, with less sonority, less variety of cadence, and altogether less accomplished art. There are some striking descriptive passages in "Rosamund," a poem of the Armada days; but in this poem, as in almost all the rest, the expressive power is injured by a frequent iteration of short phrases which degenerates into a trick, though designed for emphasis. This unfortunate mannerism is the more singular and distressing because the book contains a poem devoted to its artistic and judicious illustration. "Echo and the Ferry" ranks among the most delightful of Miss Ingelow's poems, and is alone worthy of being classed with the happiest inspirations of the previous volumes. The picture of the two children in the orchard searching for the mythical Echo is a charming conception, and the joyous conclusion that links the childish reminiscence to the happy reality of the present is a fine imagining. The speaker recalls the myth of childhood on the eve of her wedding-day:—

Ay, here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old;
All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.

Ay, here—it was here that we woke her, the Echo of old;
All life of that day seems an echo, and many times told.
Shall I cross by the ferry to-morrow, and come in my white
To that little low church? and will Oliver meet me anon?
Will it all seem an echo from childhood pass'd over—pass'd on?
Will the grave parson bless us? Hark, hark! in the dim failing light
I hear her! As then the child's voice, clear and high, sweet and merry,
Now she mocks the man's tone with "Hie over! Hie over the ferry!"
And Katie." "And Katie." "Art out with the glowworms to night,
My Katie?" "My Katie!" For gladness I break into laughter
And tears. Then it all comes again as from far-away years;
Again, some one else—oh, how softly!—with laughter comes after,
Comes after—with laughter comes after,

Comes after—with laughter comes after.

The ingenious execution of the poem, with its metrical artifice, is quite lost in the pleasurable and haunting sense of its beauty of sentiment. It is with other feelings that we meet with the perverse and tedious echoes of the other poems.

Mr. Hedley has evidently a strong inclination to satire combined with gifts more poetic. He falls on "Some Lawyers" and Mrs. H. B. Stowe with exceeding bitterness, and mauls other and sundry of his acquaintance. What is better, he writes some "Lines," of curious and antiquated style, "on seeing a young lady at Tynemouth-refusing to be bathed." In theme and diction these are quite in the manner of the Lichfield school, and suggest the days when all ladies were nymphs. The first stanza will suffice, though we may divulge the sequel. The nymph so fascinated the subjects of Neptune that the god, fearing for his empery, rudely assaulted with harsh billows the Tynemouth shore:—

Stella, with her taper foot,

Stella, with her taper foot, Coyly touched the water blue, Plunged it forth, then, lip apout, All the lily limb withdrew.

Unhappily Mr. Hedley writes but little in this brave fashion.

Verus is nothing but a poetical exercise, though the story is pleasantly told and interesting of its kind. Mr. Kinnear's studies of Shakspeare do not seem to have revealed to him the secret of blank verse; his verse is smooth, though without any notable melodic quality.

melodic quality.

Mr. Cheney's specimens of translations from Michelangelo include many that are well known, with not a few, including his own, that are new to us. He follows the excellent plan of printing the original and the version on opposing pages, by which the merits of the various translators may be easily compared and their work verified. Mr. Cheney shows how well he appreciates the difficulty of rendering Michelangelo's pregnant poesy by quoting Wordsworth's curious confession of incompetency; yet it is not too much to say that several of the Madrigali are so sufficiently rendered by him as to take no mean place in the collection.

Greek song has much attracted English translators of late, as is shown in the works of Miss Garnett and Miss McPherson. Greek

Greek song has much attracted English translators of late, as is shown in the works of Miss Garnett and Miss McPherson. Greek Lays, Idylls, Legends, &c., is a selection formed on much the same lines as Miss McPherson's volume; it does not deal with legendary or folk-song, excepting as illustrated by modern poets, such as Drosinês. The poetry of the War of Independence is naturally prominent, including some of the noblest lyrics of Valaörités and Zalakostas; but the whole selection is varied and very interesting. Among the more successful versions is Zalakostas's spirited ballad "Kleisova." Mr. Matthias Jenkyns introduces the translator's work with some eulogistic remarks on the heroism of the defenders of Suli and Missolonghi.

The Lady of the Tower is truthfully described in the author's proëm:—

This is a sweet tale, told in rhyme; It has been told many a hundred time.

Yet the theme is ever fresh, and must be, while

Love still Lights on a maiden's lips and leads the will Of soaring youth through passion's dark abyss.

Mr. Croasdaile tells his romantic tale in harmonious verse, with no slight sympathy and fervour, though his use of simile is some-times too grandiose. This, for instance, is how the Lady of the

Tower looked when she rebuked her forward lover, the Minstrel-

She stood, as stately and as cold the moon Upstands with frost-battalions on the land; Her proud neck tower'd as in the winter noon The peaks of mountain ice eternal stand.

This is certainly high; but more surprising still is the quaint use of the word "dandle" in the lady's rebuke:—

Will I be thine—thou—cradled in the wold— J, who have spurned proud knights and done no wrong! Poor singing-boy, I fear I dandle thee too long.

Now we should not like to think ill of a lady with so cold and Now we should not like to think ill of a lady with so cold and lofty a neck, though the poet's readers may not all prove so charitable as to remember that the verb has more than one signification. The Minstrel-boy to the battle goes, and returns to find his repentant lady laid out in the chapel in a death-like trance. The ardour of her lover or an impudent redbreast—the author does not clear the doubt—awakens her, and their union is bliss.

Mr. Ferguson's poems are in all respects so colourless it is impossible to characterize them. They leave absolutely no impression, intellectual or emotional, and are at the same time free from grave errors of taste or execution. Not less insipid and

from grave errors of taste or execution. Not less insipid, and much less tolerable, is Mr. Barling's dramatic poem *Leonidas*, for which the author pleads "poetic, dramatic, and any other license." The "any other license" may be conceived when we hear Leonidas talk like a stump-orator :-

Spartans, you know
The secret of the Pass has been betray'd
By some foul traitor. Man can never gauge
The depths of infamy that lie concealed
Within the human heart.

What with "fair grand brows," " set-dead face," " small dead What with "fair grand brows," "set-dead face," "small dead hands," and other mawkish affectations, Miss Tynan's poetic expression is sadly marred. Beneath all excrescences of trick and insincerity there is still evidence in her poems of natural power and genuine poetic vision, if only the poet rid herself of the bad

and genuine poetic vision, if only the poet rid herself of the bad influences of a sickly school.

Mr. Langbridge's ballads are often pathetic or humorous, and excellently adapted for recitation at rural penny-readings. Occasionally, however, the pathos so touches the ludicrous that the result is merely offensive. "Called back by the Angels" is a painful story told by a labouring man of the loss of his child, which renders the poor mother crazy until she is relieved by the substitution of a foundling. It is possible that a working-man should give his baby the preposterous name "Alexandrina Aun," but it is scarcely credible he should thus refer to his wife's affliction and the child's funeral:—

Learned the plaything coffee.

Tuck'd under my arm just so;
And she stood there at the head of the stair
And quietly watch'd us go.
So parson he comes in his nightgown,
And says that as grass is man;
And earth had trust of the pinch of dust
That was Alexandrina Ann.

This specimen of clerical humour, or pathos, is neither melting nor

Of another class of ballads a new edition is before us—the Cornish Ballads of the Rev. R. S. Hawker, known to all who admire English balladry. The volume includes a "Canticle for Christmas 1874," and a revised version of one of Hawker's most imaginative poems—the "Quest of the San Graal."

THE DUTCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

THE DUTCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.*

THIS is a new volume of Mr. Sparkes's very unequal series, "The Fine Art Library," and, with its index of the names of the artists whose works are described, it should prove useful as a handbook. The chief fault we have to find is that in many places it is too much condensed, while at the outset M. Havard has spent page after page on what is pleasant reading, but conveys little instruction to the reader's mind. A few words of preface, too, telling us who M. Havard is, what he has written before, and whether this is a new work, or has already been published in French, would not have been amiss. Of course, being ex hypothesi ignorant on these points, the reader assumes that he is the same author whose travels in Northern Holland attained a considerable amount of popularity a few years ago; but as his former volume—if it was his—did not betray any very special or accurate knowledge of art, this identification may be open to a certain amount, of doubt. So, too, the reader has no data by which to fix M. Havard's nationality. He may be French, he may be Swiss, or he may be Belgian. He spells Dutch and English names too accurately to make it easy to believe him a Frenchman. On the whole, strict reasoning might incline many readers to assume that M. Havard is a Belgian, or a Fleming, or whatever it is that a man should be called who is a fellow-countryman of M. Wauters and M. van Haanen, perhaps we should add of Mr. Alma Tadema, if we take the Netherlands as one country. The publication of M. Chesneau's English School of Painting, noticed in the Saturday Review of August 3, does not, perhaps, prepossess us in favour of another volume of the same series; but we may say at once that M. Havard's book has been very fairly translated by Mr. Powell, who,

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^{*} The Dutch School of Painting. By Henry Havard. Translated by G. Powell. London: Cassell & Co. 1885.

at the same time, has left enough of the French flavour about M. Havard's sentences to prevent a reader from forgetting that he is reading a translation. Nevertheless, as we have observed, M. Havard's sentiments make very pleasant reading. They are bright and clear, and when not too closely examined are more than plausible. Owing to a certain want of exactness and accuracy in dates, M. Havard is too apt to find a master resembling his pupil, and a school producing its founder, and so on, and of arguing on the "post, id est propter " principle; he sees resemblances and connexions where ordinary observers would see none; he gives to opinions the consistence and importance of well-based facts. It follows that the best part of the book is that in which general views and not historical research are recorded; and the introduction on the character of Dutch art is both new and instructive, though we cannot wholly agree with it. M. Havard holds that the one prevailing quality of Dutch painting is its feeling for colour, and differs from Edgar Quinet, who supposes that this feeling was not native to Holland. He and other eminent critics have acquired a habit of talking of the misty, gloomy sky of the Netherlands, of the fogs of the Hague and Amsterdam. But M. Havard asserts, no doubt rightly, that Holland "is one of the most luminous countries in the world," that its sky, charged with vapour, reflects light with surprising intensity. The clouds which are almost always floating above a Dutch landscape cast on it dark but transparent shadows, and the broad belts of brown which cross the view heighten the colour of the lighter portions. The contrast of luminous and obscure parts produces more striking effects of colour than in any other country, perhaps, in the whole of Central Europe. This is a good example of M. Havard's style of generalization. It is clear and bright in expression, like a landscape by Hobbema or De Koninck; but there is little or nothing in it which would not apply to Turner or Constable or Crome. The co pool, the green of the cloud overhead, the darkness of the pool, the green of the surrounding fields and trees, account for Rembrandt's etching of "Burgomaster Six" or Gerald Dow's picture of "The Dropsical Woman"? There is as much colour in some of Jan Steen's or Metzu's interiors as in any Rubens or Titian. M. Havard cannot quite account for Dutch colouring by his interesting theory. Nevertheless, it deserves to be read and weighed.

weighed.

The volume is divided into ten chapters, which survey the whole range of Dutch art—portraiture, history, landscape, still life, the sea, and interiors; and the illustrations, though sketchy, are useful. On the whole, partly because there is no other book so easily available, partly because the inaccuracies are of very minor importance, we can recommend M. Havard's little work. The views it expresses are suggestive, and the field of art which it takes in is well worthy of careful study. The Dutch school of painting has had a great and enduring influence on the art of all modern civilization; and England owes it more than perhaps any other country.

other country.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE vast bulk of the correspondence of Marshal Davout (I) (for so we are now bidden to spell his name on the authority of his own orthography) must dispense us, at any rate for the present, from discussing it at any length. It extends to at least two thousand five hundred large pages, and with the already published biographical matter about its subject must probably supply the largest stock of such information to be found concerning any of Napoleon's Marshals. Much of the correspondence consists of elaborate despatches giving almost daily information of the state of things at the Marshal's different commands; and M. de Mazade, who has edited the book in a manner worthy of an Academician, has very properly subjoined where necessary the letters of Napoleon and others to which these despatches are sometimes answers. Not the least interesting part of the book to Englishmen is that dealing with the Boulogne flotills and the other preparations along the French and Netherlandish coasts for the invasion of England. Davout was for a time in command of this coast, and his despatches are minute and sometimes curious. The correspondence in reference to the Marshal's not altogether favourably notorious government of Hamburg is naturally also large.

large.

Two political pamphlets (2, 3) such as, curiously enough, seem to retain in France an interest and a vogue which in other countries has been almost entirely killed by the newspaper press, lie before us. The eminent vivisector, who is the author of the first and largest, has nothing very striking to say about Adgeria. Somebody seems to have ruffled his temper the moment

(1) Correspondance du Maréchal Davout, 1801-1815. 4 vols. Edited by Ch. de Mazade. Paris: Plon.

he set foot in the country by talking about "la Providence." He has given some good descriptions (for M. Bert can write well enough in a way), and he is quite sure that a great deal may be made of Algeria. To do him justice, there is, except in reference to some parts of home politics, very little humbug about M. Paul Bert, and the careful way in which he lays down that, if he wishes to improve the condition of the natives, it is only in the interests of France, is quite refreshing after the cant talked on such subjects with us. The three "necessary colonies" are, it can hardly be needful to say. Tunis, Madagascar, and Tonquin, and the "Marin" who urges their necessity explains with much frankness that what they are necessary for is to serve as points whence English communication between Gibraltar and the Levant, between Suez or the Cape and India, between India and China, can be conveniently cut.

Baron de Kalb is a person not sufficiently known, perhaps, to make it superfluous to inform readers that he was a German adventurer in French pay (a kind of Hessian on the other side), whom Choiseul employed as a spy in the earlier days of the quarrels between England and her American Colonies, and who quarrels between England and her American Colonies, and who was afterwards active in negotiating the assistance given by France to the rebels. M. de Colleville's book about him (4) would have been more interesting if it had been on a larger scale, and had been filled in with more of the biographer's art. It seems that Washington remarked at the Baron's tomb that he was a "généreux étranger qui vint des pays lointains pour arroser de son sang l'arbre de la liberté." Translated out of bunkum, this means that Kalb was killed at the battle of Camden, where Cornwallie heat Gates. wallis beat Gates.

wallis beat Gates.

M. Nourrisson (5) is a practised writer, and we are rather surprised that he should have made the blunder of beginning a book intended to exalt Pascal's scientific and philosophical abilities by an attack on the Provinciales. It is childish enough to depreciate one man in order to exalt another, but simply infantine to depreciate one part of a man's work in order to exalt another. The Provinciales are triumphs of literature; the Pensées triumphs of thought; the mathematical works triumphs of analysis. Why cry down either to cry up the others? This foolish fault once down either to cry up the others? This foolish fault once committed, M. Nourrisson "becomes," like the captain in Midshipman Easy, "quite calm and rational, and sets his studding sails below and aloft." His book voyages prosperously through its proper subject, and devotes particular attention to the relations of Pascal with that odd person the Chevalier de Méré.

The advisors of Tauxrusies (6) have before them two more

of Pascal with that odd person the Chevalier de Méré.

The admirers of Tourguénieff (6) have before them two more volumes of the uniform French translation of his works, the last containing a biographical notice from the very capable hand of Viscount Melchior de Vogué. Those who like more solid food may attack yet another of Count Léon Tolstoi's (7) interminable romances filling seven hundred pages of the smallest and compactest print. Yet another translated novel is before us in Mr. Black's Princess of Thule (8). We should rather like to know what Frenchmen who cannot read English think of this. So much of Mr. Black's attraction depends either upon his descriptive style or upon small conversational mances that (even putting aside the character of his plots, so different from anything to which Frenchmen are accustomed), we should doubt a translation of him being generally acceptable.

generally acceptable.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TWENTY years ago, when astringents or stimulants were the chief curative agents employed in cholera, Dr. John Chapman, of Paris, communicated to the Medical Times and Gazette his theory of the neurotic origin of the disease. The epidemic of 1866 enabled him to test his neuro-dynamic treatment, the results of which were set forth in a volume published that year. In Cholera Curable (J. & A. Churchill) Dr. Chapman reviews the whole question in the light of recent experience, and is thoroughly confirmed in his theory. Convinced that cholera originates in a morbid disorder of the nervous system, Dr. Chapman advocates the application of ice-bags to the spine, having for many years noted the efficacy of the remedy in neuralgic disorders. There is nothing so provocative of panic in cholera epidemics as the general belief in the contagiousness of the disease. Not even the appalling suddenness of the attack works more mischief. The tendency of Dr. Chapman's teaching is to aliay fear, for his theory implies the non-contagiousness of cholera. It is well for suffering humanity that the inquiry of the Indian Cholera Commission has relieved it of the incubus of Dr. Koch's terrible bacillus, which, as Dr. Chapman pleasantly observes, "is evidently becoming a very common bacillus," and by no means confined to cholera patients. Dr. Chapman makes short work of the comma-bacillus, which in his view is the result and not the cause of cholera, and he regards Dr. Ferran's notion of inoculation as a snare. Unscientific folk, however, are more likely to be sceptical of a treatment applied indifferently to cholera, neuralgia, and sea-TWENTY years ago, when astringents or stimulants were the

⁽²⁾ Lettres de Kabylie. Par Paul Bert. Paris: Lemerre. (3) Les colonies nécessaires. Par un Marin. Paris: Ollendorff.

⁽⁴⁾ Les missions secrètes du Général-major Baron de Kalb. Par le Vicomte de Colleville. Paris : Petrin.
(5) Pascal, physicien et philosophe. Par Nourrisson. Paris : Perrin.
(6) Euvres de J. Tourguénieff—Œuvres dernières. Souvenirs d'enfance.
Paris : Hetzel.

Anna Karenine. Traduit du russe du Comte Léon Tolstol. Paris:

⁽⁸⁾ La princesse de Thule. Traduction de Casimir Stryiensky. Paris : Calmann-Lévy.

sickness than to perceive its entire consistency with Dr. Chapman's theory. Of its success in the too limited sphere of practice there is some suggestive evidence in Cholera Curable, as well as a lucid statement of the pathological basis of Dr. Chapman's theory.

Awaiting the publication of General Grant's reminiscences, a fairly digested account of the Federal leader's career may be found in General Grant's Life (Edinburgh: Paterson). The story of Grant's campaigns is a little confused in parts, and might well have been rendered clearer and more interesting by some recognition of the strategy of the Confederate forces. The civil career of Grant is less baldly treated, and on the whole is a careful compilation.

The Samuel Pepps Memorial (Privately Printed) fitly commemorates the unveiling of the monument erected to the immortal Diarist in St. Olave's Church, Hart Street, on the 18th of March, 1884. It gives a brief account of the origin and successful issue of a laudable enterprise. The handsome and appropriate monument designed by Mr. Blomfield is excellently reproduced in the frontispiece.

If translations are any guide to popularity, Victor Hugo's

frontispiece.

If translations are any guide to popularity, Victor Hugo's Han d'Islande is less popular than subsequent works of the romancer, though it is not less charged with the spirit of romance. The translation by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt, included in his "Romancists' and Novelists' Library," is now unattainable, and there should be plenty of readers eager for a new version. All who unhappily find the original a closed book may enjoy this thrilling story in Sir Gilbert Campbell's rendering, The Outlaw of Iceland (Ward & Downey).

& Downey).

Mr. John Dinsdale has not succeeded in illustrating the humours of his subject in Sketches at the Inventories (Jordison & Co.) He does not reveal the complexities of a crowd as Doyle did, and he altogether misses the characteristic movement and contrasts of a great concourse. Several of his plates are as inanimate as pictorial advertisements, and though the scene is easily recognized, the figures are merely dummies. In the "Musical Recollections," however, some of the likenesses are excellent, particularly those of Mr. D. Godfray and Herr Strauss. Mr. D. Godfrey and Herr Strauss.

nowever, some of the likenesses are excellent, particularly those of Mr. D. Godfrey and Herr Strauss.

The contents of the new half-yearly volume of The Antiquary (Elliot Stock) appeal to a larger section of the public than the antiquarian. Two features of this periodical that pleasantly suggest the old Gentleman's Magazine are the correspondence and news columns; the interest of these is thoroughly well sustained, and might well develop much of the agreeable discursiveness that thrived under "Sylvanus Urban."

Mrs. Obbard's Burley Bells (Kegan Paul & Co.) comprises a number of verses in lyrical measures loosely strung together, and introduced by some descriptive blank verse. There is too little emotional power in the poem to relieve the monotony of its sentiment, though there is some aptitude in the lyrical expression of the writer. Mr. Aston Clairs Claudio and Fida (London Literary Society) reveals a refreshing faith in the time-honoured traditions of romance. His tragic poem includes two blighted lovers and a terrible father who sells his daughter to the wealthy rival of her beloved Claudio. The unhappy lovers appear to the poet as Francesca and Paolo to Dante, and in the poem they die like Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Clair, though he dedicates his book to Keats, should not speak of the heroine's "sadded gaze," or render that respectable image of the poets, the nightmare, ridiculous in describing the hero:—

Alone, alone, till flare

And flaunt of state sear un the tortured sight.

Alone, alone, till flare And flaunt of state sear up the tortured sight, And, like a horrid mare, invest the night With lurid mockery.

With lurid mockery.

From the pages of Punch the experiences of a city waiter reappear in Robert (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.), with Mr. Charles Keene's delightful sketches. All who read Punch know and admire the convivial Robert; while people who don't read Punch may now alleviate their misfortune with this amusing little book.

We suggested last week that a collection of Kings' and Queens' Speeches would be useful. We have received such a collection, which it seems was actually published three years ago, and is obtainable of Mr. John Hall, 291 Strand. It contains no editorial matter, except dates and a list of crowned heads and administrations, and is somewhat inconvenient in form, being a large and "floppy" quarto pamphlet. But it is well printed, and goes back even further than we recommended, containing all the Royal Speeches from 1760 to 1882. Speeches from 1760 to 1882.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The Advertisement Department has been Removed from 38 to 33 Southampton Street. All communications respecting ADVERTISEMENTS should therefore be addressed to Mr. John Hart, 33 SOUTHAMPION STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained every Saturday of M. Fotheringham, 8 Rue Neuve des Capucines, Paris.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,557, AUGUST 29, 1885:

The Defence of India.

Mr. Parnell's Programme. Spain and Germany.

The Politics of the Pocket. An International Episode.

Egyptian Medals. M. Ferry and his Electors.

The New War Office and Admiralty. Olivier Pain.

A Disgraceful Affair.

French Colonists in Tonquin.

The Great Screw Myth Again. Bosworth Field.
Tegner. The Silver Question and India.
The British Association at Aberdeen. Wilhelmsdorf.
"On 'Change." Icaria. Boar-Hunting with Spears in Morocco.
The Birmingham Festival. Naucratis.
The "America's" Cup. A Case of Conscience.

Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. Four Novels.
Turenne. Some Cookery Books. Cries of London.
Old Songs and New. Popular History of Egypt.
Lord Hobart's Essays and Miscellaneous Writings.
Stories from English History.
Burnell and Hopkins's Ordinances of Manu.
Some Books on Art. Ambushes and Surprises.
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FACULTIES OF ARTS AND SUBMICE.

The SESSION COMMENCES on Thursday, October 1.
All departments of the College are open to both sexes on the same terms. Special arrangements are made for the convenience of Ladies.

Syllabuses containing full information as to the admission of Students, Courses of Instruction, Feer, Entrance and other Scholarships, &c., are now ready, and may be had from Messrs. Cornish, New Street, Birmingham, price 3d.; by post, 4jd.

GEO. H. MORLEY, Secretary.

The TRUSTEES have REDUCED the FEES at KELLY COLLEGE to £34 per annum (for boarders). At this College Boys are prepared for the Universities, Army, Navy, and other transmissions during Exprepared for the Public School; at the situation is healthy, and the same short of the Public School; and the state of the School of of the Scho

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Muster—The Rev. H. C. OGLE, Fellow and late Tutor of Magdalen College,
Ireland, and Craven Scholar.

The THIRD TERM, 1880, will begin on Friday, September 18. New Boys will be received on the previous day by appointment.

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The Clothworzers' Scholarship of 2-6 for three years, the Siemens Memorial Scholarship
of 2-50 for three years, and two Mitchell Scholarships of 250 for two years, one with free
education, will be awa ded on the results of the Entrance or Matriculation Examination, to
The SESSION COMMENCES on Tuesday, October 6.
For further particulars, and for the programme of instruction, apply at Exhibition Road,
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III.—DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN.

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HENRY WM. HOLDER, Registrar.

F. E. L. S. T. E. D. S. C. H. O. O. L., E. S. S. E. X.

Head-Master—Reversed DELAVAL SHAFTO INGRAM, M.A., of St. John's
College, Cambridge, September 17.

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Address will be delivered to the street of t

occurat accurate Practitioners and Private Families residing in the neighbourhood receive Students for residence and supervision, and a register of approved lodgings is kept in the Secretary's office.

Prospectaces and all particulars may be obtained from the Medical Secretary, Mr. GKORGE RENDLE.

W. M. ORD, Dean.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE,
Mile End, E.-The SESSION 1885-6 will commence on Thursday, October 1, 1885. THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE,
Mile End. E.—The SESSION 1885-6 will commence on Thursday, October 1, 1885.
As the College will be in course of enlargement, there will be no Public Distribution of Prizes this year, FUDIR ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS, value 580, 540, 520, and 530, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Fees for Lectures and Hospital Practice, 90 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free, and the holders of all the Resident Appointments are provided with rooms and board entirely free of expense. The Resident Appointments are provided with rooms and board entirely free of expense. The Resident Appointments consist of Five House-Physiciancies, Five House-Surgeonies, One Accoucheurship; and One Receiving Room Officer. Two Dressers and Two Maternity Pupils also reside in the Hospital Royal College of Surgeons of England are held throughout the year. Special entries may be made for Medical and Surgical practices. The London Hospital is now indirect-communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis, and the Metropolitan. Metropolitan District, East London, and South-Eastern Railways have stations within a minute's walk of the Hospital and College. For Prospectus and particulars apply personally of by letter to Mile End, E.

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The WINTER SESSION will commence on Turnelay, October 1, when an INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be delived commence on Turnelay, LES, Eaq., F.H.C.S., at Four F.H.

The fallowing Entrance Scholarships will be offered for competition:—

1. A Scholarship, value £125, for the sons of Medical men who have entered the School during the current year. 2. Two Scholarships, each of £50 opan to all students commencing their studies. The subjects for these three Scholarships will be Latin, French or German, and Elementary Physics, and the examination will be held on Monday, October 4 during the current year, and who have passed the Cambridge 1st M.B., since October 1sts. Subjects—Elementary Biology, Anatomy, Physiology, and Practical Chemistry. *4. A Scholarship, value £75, for students who have passed the Cambridge 1st M.B., since October 1sts. Subjects—Elementary Biology, Anatomy, Physiology, and Practical Chemistry. *6. A Scholarship, value £75, for students who have entered during the current year and have passed the Oxford 1st M.B. or the Cambridge 2nd M.B. Subjects—Anatomy and Physiology. The Evanimation for these Scholarships will be held during the month of October

The following Exhibitions and Prizes are Willips British and Exhibition, the Brackenbury Prize in Medicine, value £85; the Brackenbury Prize in Surgery, value £85; the Poliock Prize in Physiology, value £85; the Poliock Prize in Physiology, value £85; the Poliock Prize in Physiology, value £85; the Surgery, the Acade Prize in Medicine, the Treasurer's Prize, value £80; the Brockenbury Prize in Medicine, the Treasurer's Prize, value £80; the Brockenbury Prize in Medicine, the Treasurer's Prize, value £80; the Brodicine Sprize, and Acade Prize in Medicine, the Treasurer's Prize, value £80; the Poliock Prize in Physiology, value £80; the Poliock Priz

oes and fuller details may be obtained by application to
WILLIAM WADHAM, M.D., Deca.

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All communications to be addressed to the Hon. Secretaries, Church Congress Office, Pembroke Road, Portsmouth.

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These meetings are for Working-Men and Soldiers and Sailors only. A mited number of Platform Tickets will be issued at 3s, 6d, each.

A Register of Lodgings is kept at the Congress Office, and information as to lodgings and hotels will be given to members, on their stating the amount and nature of the accommodation they require. A list of lodgings and hotels will be sent on application.

FURTHER INFORMATION:

For Church Services, lists of subjects, hotel and refreshment charges, rail-way, postal, and other arrangements, see "The Official Programme," price 3d., post tree, to be had at the Congress Office early in Esptember. Inquiries for further information must be accompanied with a stamped and directed envelops.

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